THE BYSTANDER
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JULY 30, 1930
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

YACHTING AT COWES

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"THE ROOM AT THE ROSENHAUS" by Margery Lawrence
THE 'EVE' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES
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The Bystander, July 30, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1389. Vol. CVII

Cigarini

THE HON. EILEEN NELSON HOOD

A new portrait of Viscountess Bridport's only daughter, sister to the present Viscount, who is serving as midshipman on H.M.S. Nelson. Miss Nelson Hood is greatly interested in yachting, dogs and lawn tennis

The whisky you drink . . . Is it passable, or is it perfect? Is it—just whisky? It should be

Haig WHISKY

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1627

Sport and General

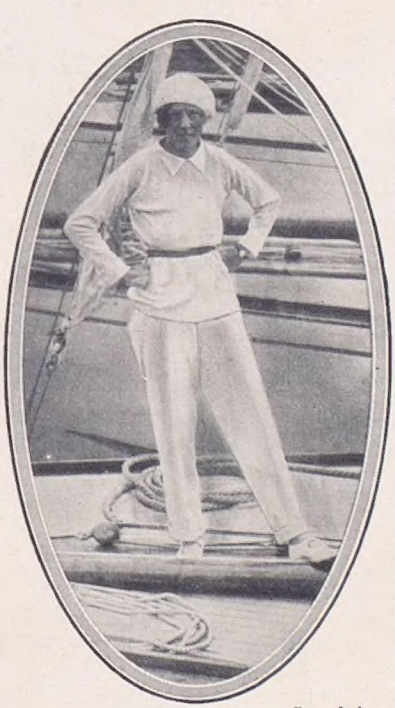
The schools have just broken up for the summer holidays and concerts, speeches and plays have been well to the fore. Above is a scene from "The Tempest" being played by members of Westonbirt School on Speech Day. The beautiful grounds provided a perfect natural setting for the play

The Passing Hour

THE air disaster in which Lord Dufferin, Lady Ednam, Sir Edward Ward, Mrs. Loeffler and the two pilots lost their lives is still fresh in everybody's mind. One wonders whether the recent vogue for the monoplane as opposed to the biplane will be affected by it. Automatically, the strain on two wings must be double that on four. Automatically, too, it will make many people shrink from flying for the next few weeks, though the forward movement of aviation is so tremendous that it will soon recover from this set-back.

Those in Mourning

IF the smash had taken place two months earlier it would have had a noticeable effect on the London Season, so many big families have been plunged into mourning thereby. The ramifications of the Leveson-Gower family alone spread over about a tenth of smart London. Lord Ednam's three sisters, Lady Alexandra Ward, Lady Gladys Bridgeman, Lady Morvyth Benson; his twin brothers; Lady Dufferin, Lady Veronica Blackwood, Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, Mrs. Philip Kindersley, Lady Patricia Russell, Lady Doris Gunston, Lady Victoria Braithwaite, Lady Ursula Horne, and Lady Hermione Blackwood are others directly affected.



P. and A.

THE YACHTING SEASON

Lady Essex on board her yacht, which she has been racing at Deauville. Her costume is both businesslike and becoming

An Ideal Hostess

IN addition to them, Mrs. Loeffler's guests can be counted by the dozen, whether they were entertained by her in Frinton, Scotland, Grosvenor Square, or in the Albion, recently bought by Sir Thomas Lipton and re-christened the Erin. Never have I known such a gloom as that which

Sport and General

"MY DELICATE ARIEL"

The Hon. Ursula Balfour, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Kinross, as she appeared as Ariel in "The Tempest" at Westonbirt School on Speech Day

WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

Keystone

The bridesmaids and attendants at the wedding of Mr. J. Denison-Pender and Miss Pemberton. They are the Misses G. and C. Denison-Pender, P. Henderson, E. Madden, L. Hamilton, T. Wilson, E. Birchall, E. Snagg, P. Belmont and Master F. Curzon

LADY HIGHAM

Formerly Miss Josephine Webb, whose marriage to Sir Charles Higham, the well-known advertisement agent, took place on July 17. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Webb, of Cheltenham

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED"

Owing to the very large number of entries in this competition and the great care exercised in checking the coupons, the final result is not yet to hand. However, it is hoped to publish the result in THE BYSTANDER of August 13.

Janet Jevons

MISS DAPHNE TYLER

Daughter of Admiral Tyler, who was married on Monday last to Lieut. Martin Pares, of H.M.S. Frobisher, at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens. Miss Tyler was one of last year's debutantes

spread over London on the evening of the disaster. For Colonel Henderson's friends and admirers ran into hundreds, too. It was a terrible affair, particularly as all six victims were enjoying life to the full.

A Blow to Le Touquet

LIKE aviation, Le Touquet will recover quickly enough—later on. At the moment it is feeling the effects of the tragedy a good deal. Within twenty-four hours nearly a hundred rich clients had cancelled their accommodation either for the following week-end or for August. Deauville, on the other hand, is full of love, life and laughter. Kathleen Lady Drogheda, Princess Illinskaia, the wife of the Grand Duke Dmitri.

P. and A.

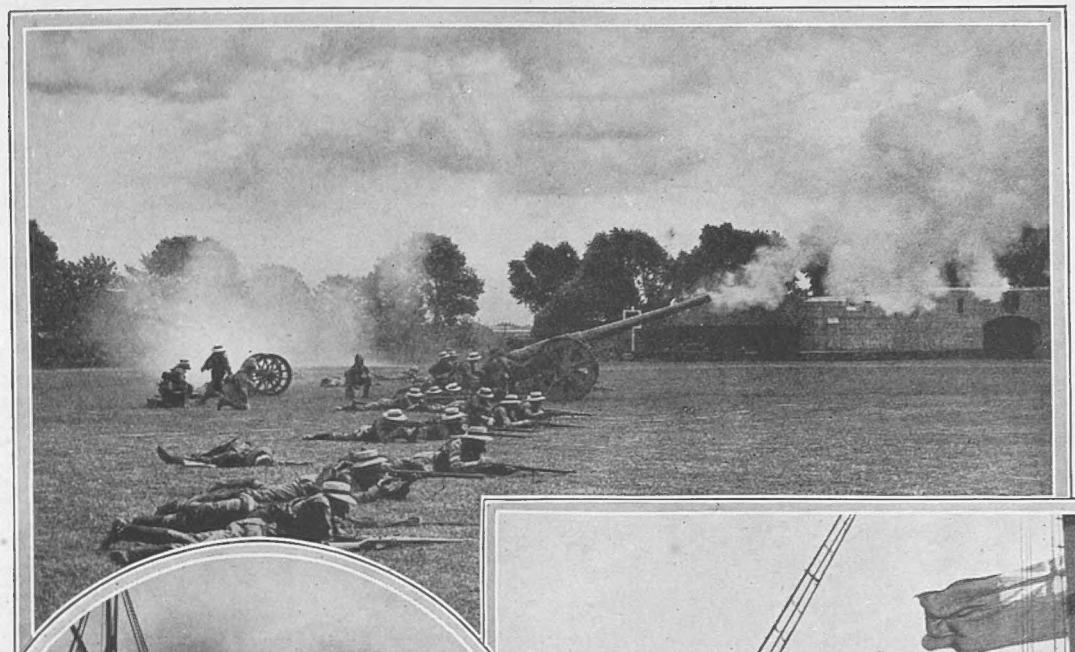
The wedding between Mr. J. Denison-Pender and Miss Camilla Pemberton was not at all the tangle which the photograph suggests. Mr. Denison-Pender is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Denison-Pender, of Eaton Place, while the bride is the only daughter of the late Mr. Willoughby Pemberton and of Mrs. Pemberton, also of Eaton Place

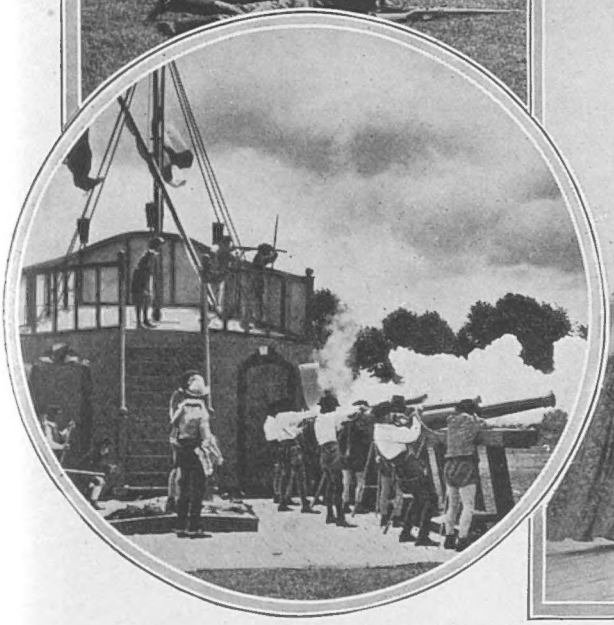
Mrs. Helen Kelly (the former Princess Vlora), Madame André Citroën, and Mrs. Paul Dubonnet—better known as Mrs. Nash—are among the feminine celebrities there.

A New Edict

PRINCE AAGE, of Denmark, Mr. A. K. Macomber, and Major Dudley Gilroy are among the men who graced the Hydrangea gala dinner in the Deauville casino the other night. They, like everyone else, must have been amused by the new edict that women may not enter the casino stockingless. This rule is being stringently enforced,

THE PORTSMOUTH NAVAL TATTOO





Left : A scene during the incidents portraying the Progress of Naval Gunnery, which formed part of the Naval Searchlight Tattoo held in celebration of the centenary of H.M.S. Excellent, the Gunnery School at Whale Island, showing "Long Tom," the famous Naval gun which was brought to the relief of Ladysmith, in action. Below : An historical incident from the Tattoo showing King George III, accompanied by Queen Charlotte, presenting the Sword of Honour to Earl Howe after the British naval victory of the Glorious First of June

Photographs Sport and General, I.B., and Wide World

"YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!"

Sailors of a hundred years ago singing sea shanties as they haul on the ropes. Another of the incidents in the Naval Tattoo at Portsmouth last week. In the circle above is seen another incident during the Progress of Naval Gunnery series. A ship of Queen Elizabeth's time is seen firing a broadside at her Spanish adversary

THE TRAGIC AIR CRASH AT MEOPHAM

P. and A.

SIR EDWARD WARD AND MRS. LOEFFLER

Two of the victims of the terrible air tragedy which took place at Meopham, Kent, seen at Le Touquet. Sir Edward was the second baronet and son of the late Colonel Sir Edward Ward, Permanent Under Secretary at the War Office, and was formerly a captain in the Grenadier Guards. Mrs. Loeffler was one of the best-known Society hostesses

although it must be difficult for the guardian at the swing doors to see at once whether a sunburnt brunette is bare-legged or wearing sand-coloured stockings.

The Joy of Joi Joi

NOBODY who has ever been to Deauville or Cannes can have failed to see Mr. Berry Wall or his chow. Both are part of the landscape, and a visitor would be almost justified in asking for his money back if they were not there in the season. Well, I now hear from Aix-les-Bains that Mr. and Mrs. Berry Wall, who have been entertaining the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, took a first prize in the dog show with Joi Joi, the chow.

Silenced

I HEARD an amusing story yesterday about the Eton and Harrow match. Mrs. Stanley Baldwin was one of the guests in Sir Stanley Jackson's box. One of the other guests, an officer in the Foot Guards, murmured something negligently to the effect that cricket bored him. Whereupon Mrs. Stanley Baldwin said loud enough for everyone to hear, "Every true British gentleman is, or should be, interested in cricket." For once the young officer was completely silenced.

Topical

Lord and Lady Dufferin photographed recently at the races. Lord Dufferin, who was one of the victims of the disastrous air crash, was Speaker of the Senate of Northern Ireland and an A.D.C. to the King. His son, Lord Ava, who succeeds him, was married this month to Miss Maureen Guinness

Keystone

THE OPENING OF THE INQUEST

Mrs. Loeffler's lady secretary, the Earl of Dudley and the Duke of Sutherland arriving for the inquest on the victims of the air disaster. It was held in a village tea-room at Meopham, in Kent, the scene of the tragedy

More Memoirs

FROM Monte Carlo I hear that the harbour is full of smart yachts, including Sister Anne, which belongs to the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, and Neanette, which belongs to Sir Harry Lindsay. People

BERNARD SHAW AND HIS BEARD

Topical

Lieut.-Colonel G. L. P. Henderson, M.C., A.F.C., the noted pilot who was in charge of the machine. By an ironic chance, his book, "A Complete Course of Practical Flying," was published a few days after the tragedy

autumn to synchronise with the London publication of her Memoirs, "Men, Marriage, and Me." It would certainly be a timely and magnificent advertisement for her technique.

Bearding the Lion

PEOPLE must often wonder what the secret can be of Bernard Shaw's luxurious locks and beard. For a man of his age they are remarkable. Well, I discovered the answer to it the other day. He goes with the utmost regularity to a beauty parlour on the first floor of a house in Bond Street, and there has his beard and hair washed, shampooed, and generally made as beautiful and exemplary as it is. Mr. Shaw's beard is indeed the most carefully looked after beard in England.

More Polo Muddles

ALL is not yet well in the selection of our All-England Polo Team. In every trial match alterations are made, and nothing seems to go right. The other day the two Roarks, Humphrey Guinness, and Lacy, were hopelessly defeated by Tremayne, Balding, George and Atkinson. On the form shown there, Balding and George ought immediately to displace the two Roarks. But will they? Altogether it is a most unsatisfactory state of affairs considering how close Meadowbrook now looms.

down there are saying that Miss Peggy Joyce, who is at her villa, Le Petit Chien Bleu, really ought to marry another millionaire in the

RACING HINTS. *By "Old Orkney"*

There have been some good orders in the North and I always make a point of following up any horse that has been the medium of a gamble on the Scottish Circuit.

I predict that losses over Last of the Lenas and Park Rat will soon be recovered.

LAST OF THE LENAS, a smart Twelve-pointer colt, had shown up prominently at Edinburgh and was therefore confidently supported to win a five furlongs race at Lanark. He finished second.

PARK RAT was a late "blower" order at Lanark, but had to be content with seventh position. Will improve and should be followed over seven furlongs.

KONDA is running into winning form. Was backed to beat the odds-on favourite, Royal Blush. Was in front near home, but was second to the favourite at the finish.

WISE RULE was heavily backed at Ayr, 9 to 2 being freely taken after 500 to 100. Ran well to finish fourth in over six furlongs. Belongs to Mr. James McLean, the Glasgow Commission Agent.

ARGONAUTE proved a "springer" in the market at Sandown Park and was with the leaders two furlongs from home in the race for the Anniversary Cup (a mile and a quarter). Was backed at 10 to 1 and all rates down to 5 to 1. Put a star against his name for future engagements.

GIFT HORSE was beaten half-a-length by White Slave over five furlongs at Liverpool. Was one of the three two-year-olds separated by short heads in a thrilling finish at Lingfield. This colt will soon be earning winning brackets.

Hoppe

VISCOUNTESS EDNAM

Who met her death in the Meopham disaster, was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Sutherland. Just before Christmas the Hon. John Jeremy Ward, the seven-year-old second son of Lord and Lady Ednam, was fatally injured when riding a miniature bicycle in Chelsea

THE YACHTING AT COWES

A Rival Attraction

I HEARD the other day the real reason why Miss Joyce Wethered has given up championship golf. It is a very simple one—merely that Miss Wethered is an ardent fisherwoman and would far sooner whip a stream than an opponent. When she was at St. Andrews recently it was only because the fishing was so bad, and, as she said, she had to do something.

A Best Seller

IN a few days' time a party is going to be given in Soho to the highest paid woman writer in the world. Needless to say, she is an American, and, again needless to say, perhaps, she is the inimitable Fanny Hurst, whose charming sentimental stories of the problem of young married couples are known all over America.

Cowes Prospects

JUDGING by the number of yachts I saw at Cowes during the special races held in the Solent in May for Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, Shamrock V, I imagine that this year's will prove to be far the biggest and most important regatta since the War. The King, I understand, is going to cruise in Britannia throughout the week. The first-class racing will provide a magnificent spectacle, as all the large boats except Shamrock V, which is on its way to America, will be there. The Royal cutter looked more beautiful than ever at Falmouth last week with her new suit of sails. She has the finest mainsail I have ever seen in any yacht.

The Big Fellows

AMONGST the other big boats which will be racing at Cowes will be Lord Camrose's Bermudian-rigged Cambria, Mr. Andreae's Candida, Lord Waring's White Heather II, as well as Westward and Lulworth, and I hear that Sir Howard Frank will be racing Astra, which is one of the new Bermudians built for the late Sir Mortimer Singer three seasons ago.

H.M.S. Warspite will act as Guardship with the destroyer Westminster in attendance during their Majesties' stay at Cowes. Many of the customary social functions which were missing last year owing to the absence of the King, such as the Royal Yacht Squadron's dinner and Lady Baring's charity dance and thé dansant on the Guardship are being revived.

A Sporting Race.

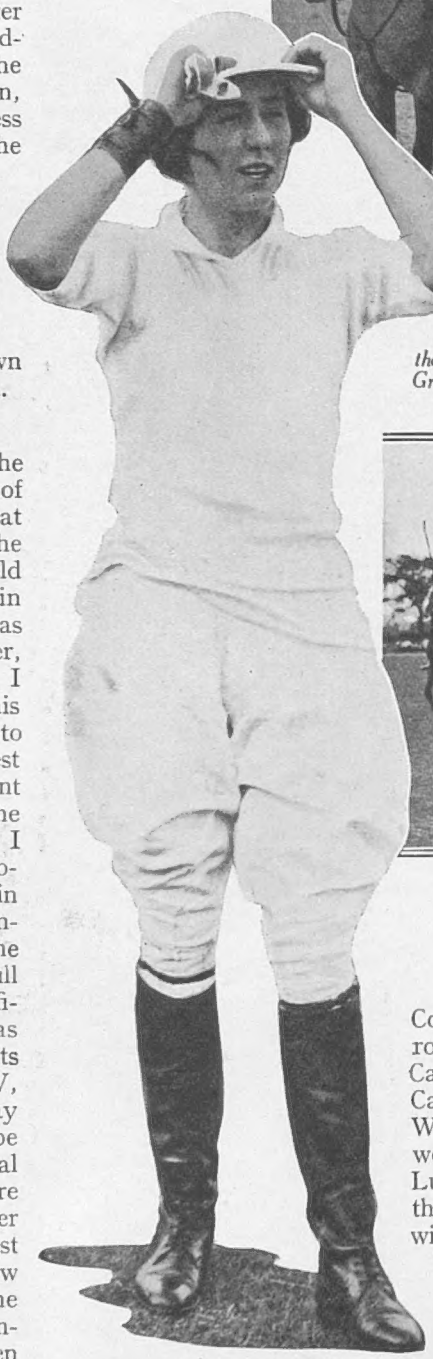
ONE of the most interesting events of the Regatta is the King's Cup which will be held on Tuesday, August 5th. All types of sailing craft over 30 tons belonging to members of the R.Y.S. are eligible for this race, which will contain a variety of craft ranging from 24-metre racing yachts to comparatively slow and small

Topical

During the recent Beaufort Polo Club tournament, held at Norton, a ladies' match took place between Melton and the West of England, and was won by the former by two goals to none. Above are seen the winners: The Hon Mrs. E. Greenall (left), the Hon. Mrs. Greenall, a substitute for Miss Lexie Wilson, and Mr. G. Balding

Sport and General

Play in progress in mid-field during the ladies' match, which was a feature of the Beaufort Polo Club's tournament. Mrs. Watts, the No. 2 in the West of England team, is seen in the foreground racing for the ball



Sport and General

MRS. WATTS

A keen polo player, who took part in the ladies' match at the Beaufort Polo Club's summer tournament. She played No. 2 for the West of England, who were beaten 2—0 by the Melton team

WOMEN IN THE POLO FIELD

The West of England team defeated by the Beaufort Club. They are : Miss Wagge, Mrs Watts, Mrs. Jackman and Mr. A. Roark. Women have now won the King's Prize at Bisley this year, and if they turn their attention to polo, we may yet see them triumphant in another sphere of sporting activity

Sport and General

Miss Wagge, No. 1 in the West of England ladies' team which was beaten by Beaufort, receiving her prize after the match at Norton

Topical

Lady Hartington, who has been enjoying a golfing holiday north of the Tweed. She is seen driving off on the Gleneagles Hotel links

cruisers which have as much as two hours start over a course of about 36 miles.

The International Classes will provide the keenest racing, especially in the twelve- and eight-metre classes. Amongst the twelves racing will be Mr. Sopwith's Mouette, Sir William Burton's Iyruna, Mr. Lauriston Lewis's Lucilla, Lord Essex' Rhona and Mr. Fairey's Flica.

Gallant Madame Heriot

AMONGST the eights will be Lord Forster's Nona, Madame Heriot's L'Aile II, which she brought over to challenge for the Cumberland Cup. Madame Heriot is over here with her beautiful 500-ton staysail schooner, which was built by Mr. Charles Nicholson, designer of Shamrock V, two years ago.

Topical

Lady Titchfield, watching the golf on the course of the Gleneagles Hotel. With her is Lord Hartington

In the Roads

IT is practically certain that many of the well-known yachts which have been on the station on and off for the past two months will be taking up their moorings in the Roads during the next few days. These include Mr. Guinness's auxiliary-barque Fantome II, Sir William Portal's ketch Valdora, Mr. Jameson's magnificent schooner Magdalen II, Sir Victor

NAVY WEEK AT PORTSMOUTH

Central Press

A photograph of the ceremony in progress during the recent wedding between Viscount Pollington, heir to the Earl of Mexborough, and Miss Josephine Fletcher, daughter of Captain and Mrs Fletcher, of Saltoun, which took place at Westminster Cathedral. The bridesmaids were Lady Agnes and Lady Beatrice Savile (sisters of the bridegroom), Miss Violet and Miss Sheila Grahame, Lady Hélène Hay, and Miss Jean Gough-Calthorpe. The Earl of Dumfries was best man

Warrender's ex-19-metre Norada, Major-General Seely's Izme III, Captain Cecil Slade's auxiliary-schooner Diane, Lord Glentanar's auxiliary-schooner Elk, Mr. Sutton's cutter Moonbeam, Mr. Chaplin's Coral, Lord Birkenhead's M.Y. Mairi, Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley's (Commodore of the R.Y.S.) S.Y. Andria, the Marquis of Camden's (Vice-Commodore) S.Y. Yarta, and Lord Stalbridge's schooner Cetonia.

Climax

THE climax of Cowes Week will be the fireworks on Friday night, when it is customary for the Royal Yacht, Guardship and escort, and Lord Fairhaven's 1,500-ton S.Y. Sapphire to be illuminated by several thousands of electric lights. At the end of the week all the racing fleet will proceed to Ryde, where the racing will be held under the auspices of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, and many of the others take themselves to the Casino ports on the north coast of France.

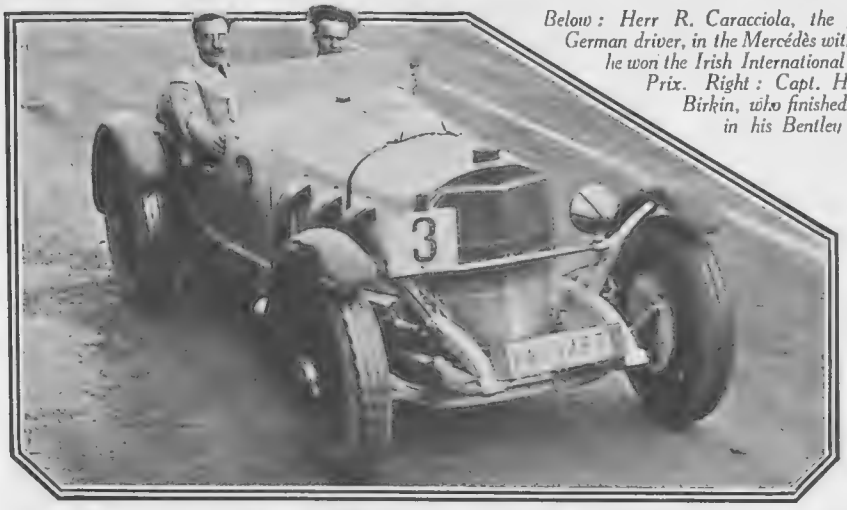
A Naval Occasion

THE Naval Tattoo which was held at Portsmouth last week is being followed by Navy week, which starts next Saturday, August 2. This is one of the rare occasions on which the Silent Navy allows itself a little latitude in this respect, and visitors to Southsea will have a splendid chance of obtaining a first-hand glimpse of some of the inner workings of the Fleet. Among the many interesting features will be the sight of H.M.S. Victory in miniature, under sail with a crew of fourteen.

LES REVENANTS

A beautiful group of statuary in bronze which has recently been on view in the Luxembourg Imperial War Museum The effect of fatigue achieved by the sculptor is extraordinarily effective and true to life. It is the work of the well-known sculptor, Herbert Haseltine, an exhibition of whose equestrian studies was held recently in the West End

The BATTLE of MOTOR GIANTS at DUBLIN



Below: Herr R. Caracciola, the famous German driver, in the Mercédès with which he won the Irish International Grand Prix. Right: Capt. H. R. S. Birkin, who finished fourth in his Bentley

The Hon. Dorothy Paget, who owned the team of Bentleys which put up so fine a show in the Irish Grand Prix, seen with Capt. Birkin, with whom she did a trial run round the course in Phœnix Park. In the race Capt. Birkin's time for the run was 3 hours 40 minutes 29 seconds

The upper photograph shows cars negotiating the difficult Mountjoy Corner at nigh speed, with the winner (No. 3) bringing up the rear. Below are three distinguished competitors: Earl Howe (left) who came third, Capt. Malcolm Campbell, who took fifth place, and the winner, Herr Rudolf Caracciola. Ireland grows more and more enthusiastic over this form of sport, and the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race, which takes place in Ulster on August 23, is already provoking very keen interest, for almost all the crack drivers who competed at Phœnix Park will be on the war-path again, and the racing promises to be as thrilling and as keen as any seen in the past

Photographs G.P.U., Sport and General, L.N.A. and Keystone View

PARIS GOSSIP

PARADES and PERSONALITIES

By Sylvia Lyon

"Seeing the fireworks from a distance, to the accompaniment of hundreds of barking taxi-horns"

IF the French State were truly paternal and interested in the æsthetic welfare of its citizens, it would farm out the modestly anonymous staff-officer who arranged the Bastille Day Parade. His wealth of imagination, taste, and originality of presentation, might easily be diverted to theatrical—instead of military—reviews, while Max Reinhardt should really add to his organisation Jacopozzi, who has again provided a new thrill in the illuminations that took place that night. The bluish-purple light bathing the Invalides was superb.

THESE Fourteenth of July parades are necessarily short, and are held at an early hour, because the day may prove unbearably hot. Many years ago they took place at Vincennes, and then were changed to Longchamps, but both places were too inaccessible for the crowds of spectators. This year the parade wisely started in the court of the Invalides, crossed the Pont Alexandre III, where the cadet corps of St. Cyr, Saumur, Fontainebleau, the Polytechnique (familiarly called "l'X"), and the Ecole Navale stood at attention, and then past the reviewing stand before the Grand Palais. There President Doumergue, surrounded by the Bey of Tunis, Prince Takamatsu, Prince Louis of Monaco, and the Diplomatic Corps, decorated General Weygand, the Chief of Staff, with the Médaille Militaire. The procession went on, turning east at the Rond-Point, and continuing down the Champs Elysées.

I SAW the review from what was surely the most advantageous point, the terrace of the Hôtel Crillon, overlooking the Place de la Concorde, for companies of marines and soldiers colourfully outlined the units of the landscaped Place, while two rows of Gardes Républicaines and mounted police faced the Hôtel Crillon, where the Bey of Tunis was in residence.

WHEN the first-line troops appeared, there was no sound except their footsteps and the swishing of the great playing fountains. Then around the fountains stood ominous, dark-green caterpillar trucks and turreted anti-aircraft cars, not very many of them, but fairly dangerous-looking, the colour contrasting nicely with the horizon-blue uniforms of their occupants.

"Very tall, with a quaint old beard"

THEN appeared what was the greatest artistic treat of the year: a perfectly costumed reconstitution of the old colonial regiments that saw service in Africa from the year 1830 to the Foreign Legion of 1914. The rarely heard, plaintive *Marche de Moïse* floated in the early morning air, and there appeared a drum-major who made the crowds squeal with delight. Very tall, with a quaint old beard, shako, blue tunic, full red trousers and gleaming white gaiters, he walked at the head of the soldiers of the Algerian Conquest, who marched with a slow, studied step that made them look like lead soldiers come to life. This company was followed by others of succeeding years, wearing green tunics, red trousers and chenille caps, followed by a company in royal blue. Then came the red-garbed native Zouaves, playing Arab music, and the gorgeous mountain gendarmes of the time of Charles X.

" . . . but stage temperaments and playwrights' vagaries being what they are"

CAME forty Caïds, Agas and Bachagas, whom the French call "the lords of the Atlas Mountains," in brilliant burnous, with jewelled arms and marvellously worked saddles. They were followed by the Algerian mounted troops of to-day, on beautiful Arab ponies, the soldiers wearing red burnous lined with bright blue, green with red, and, finally, a company, magnificent in white and black, who were mounted on white, grey, and black horses.

AS the Africans moved on into the Rue Royale, thousands of people rushed to the Métro, to ride down to the Hôtel de Ville to have a last look at the pageant before it broke up. At this moment the President drove

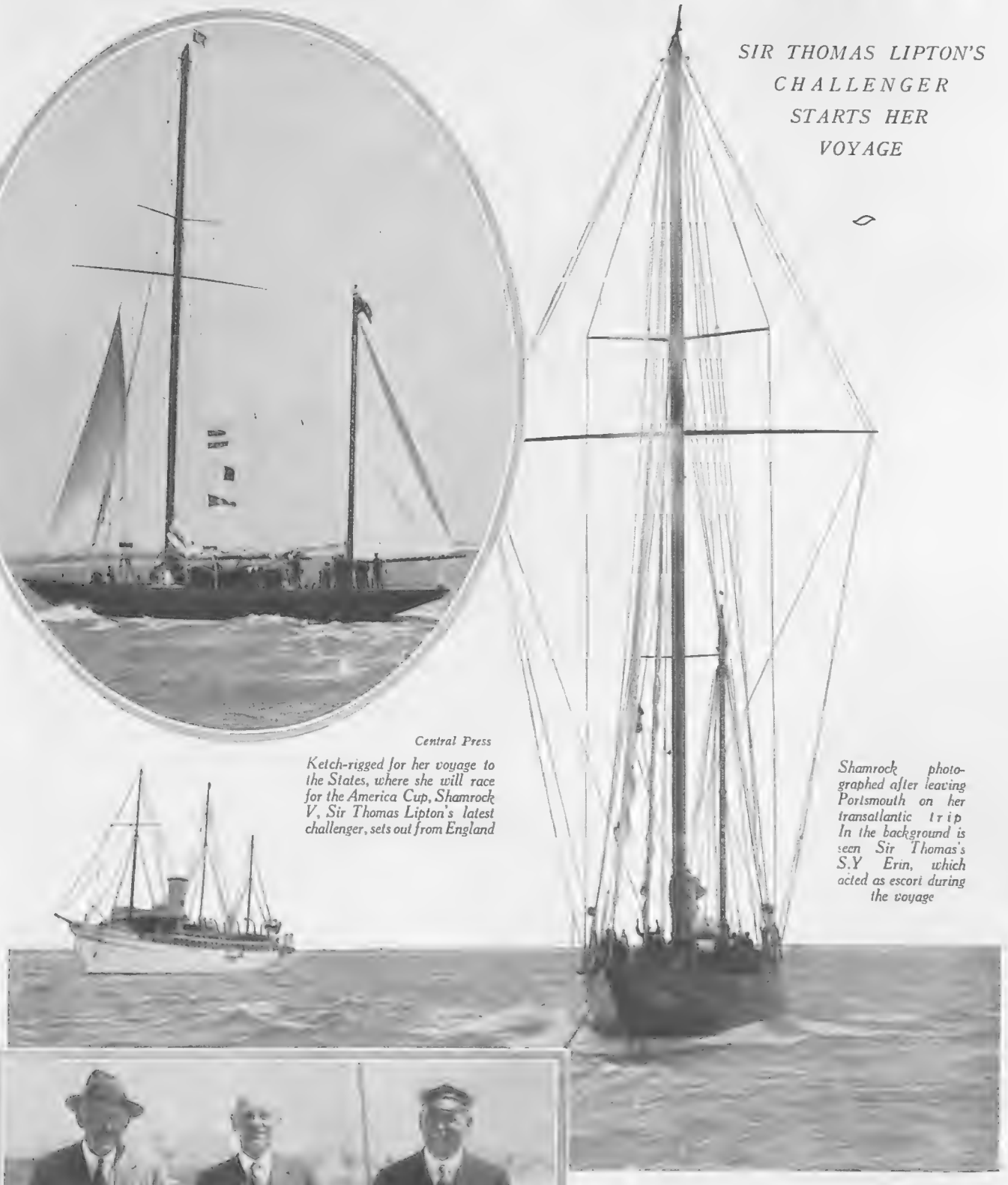
(Continued on page 218)

SHAMROCK V SAILS FOR AMERICA

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S CHALLENGER STARTS HER VOYAGE

Central Press

Ketch-rigged for her voyage to the States, where she will race for the America Cup, Shamrock V, Sir Thomas Lipton's latest challenger, sets out from England



Shamrock photographed after leaving Portsmouth on her transatlantic trip. In the background is seen Sir Thomas's S.Y. Erin, which acted as escort during the voyage

Topical

Central Press

Mr. Stanley Lapthorn (left), who was responsible for Shamrock's sails, and Mr. Charles E. Nicholson, her designer and builder with Colonel Duncan Neill, Sir Thomas Lipton's representative, photographed on the jetty at Gosport before Shamrock sailed for America accompanied by the steam yacht Erin. The farewell banquet arranged in honour of Sir Thomas Lipton had, unfortunately, to be cancelled owing to his illness, but all his friends and well-wishers hope he will be sufficiently restored to health to follow Shamrock's fortunes in the racing off Sandy Hook

PREPARING ONE REVOLUTION — CELEBRATING ANOTHER

(Above) A scene during the recent disturbances in Egypt when Nashas Pasha and the Wafd party paid a visit to Mansura. Above are seen the police keeping back the crowd, who became so violent that the troops were obliged to fire on them

(On right) Nashas Pasha (with cross) together with some of the Wafd leaders. When the latter's supporters clashed with the troops they became completely out of hand and threw bricks and bottles full of sand, thus causing many casualties

Photographs *Zachary Photo Press*

THERE is a sentimental side to Louis Verneuil's pronouncements of the talkie menace that the public may not be aware of. But some of the public may have witnessed the special performances that Verneuil and Elvire Popesco put on at the Hôtel Royal at Deauville last summer. They would arrange to lunch or dine together, but stage temperaments and playwrights' vagaries being what they are, Verneuil would be having his coffee when Madame Popesco would be ordering her hors-d'œuvres. Things grew from bad to worse, and there was a final break-up.

S. L.

(Continued from page 216)

up to the Hôtel, where he dropped his guest of honour, the Bey of Tunis, who was to join him later at the Elysées.

THAT night there was the usual dancing in the streets, this year most of the music being provided by loud-speakers. I was on my way to see the fireworks at the Place Dauphine, but twenty thousand other people had the same idea, so I sat, stalled and calm, in a taxi beside the Seine, seeing the fireworks from a distance, to the accompaniment of barking taxi-horns, and in an atmosphere of gaiety and petrol fumes.

AN ECHO OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION *P. and A.*

The gay scene near the Bourse, in Paris, on the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. During the night the whole city celebrates, women and children joining in the festivities, which last until dawn

BY STAN TERRY

"Can I see Miss Vera Vavasour, the dancer?"
"She's not here at present, sir, but you can tell me what you want—I am her son!"

If Gossip

THE Season's fixtures have their inevitable phrases and adjectives. No sooner have we read that "all roads lead to Epsom" (though I could name quite a number which do not) than "Royal Ascot" is upon us. We are just emerging from "Glorious Goodwood," with its annual reminiscences of the "birdless grove" (where there are plenty of birds) to be confronted with what should usually be called "Chilly Cowes," and certainly "Costly Cowes" if one is not to confine one's experience of it to an excursion steamer from Southsea or Southampton.

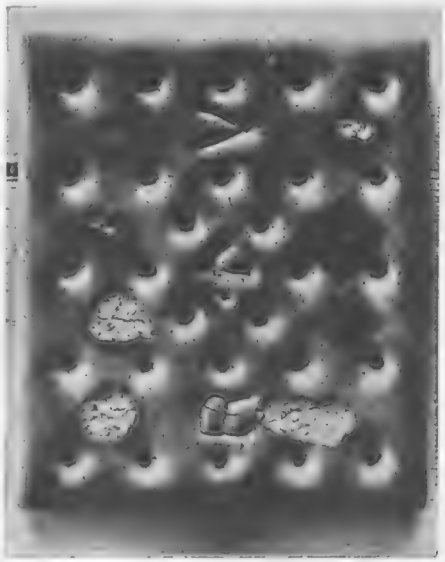
We do not, however, hear of "Happy Hurst Park" or "Ghastly Gatwick" or "Soothing Sandown" simply because those meetings do not happen to be fashionable. Here adjectives can, of course, be added, according to taste. There is no arbiter elegantiarum to administer reproofs. No one need fear the fate of the young Society reporter who once called Ascot "glorious" and Goodwood "royal." "Infandum renovare dolorem. . . ."

Janet Jevons

MADELEINE CARROLL

The theatrical and screen star. She played lead in the new comedy, "Dance With No Music," the new play produced at the Arts Theatre last week, and will be seen in the recently completed British film version of "French Leave"

I DODGED Glorious Goodwood because I happened to be, for a few days, in Sunny Spain. Madrid in July is hot, noisy and strictly unfashionable, and I like it. One is not bundled off to bed at an early hour as one is in law-ridden London. But there is nothing like a happy mean (as Aubrey Hammond says), and to be able to sit outside a café in the Puerto Del Sol at 3.30 a.m. is rather too much of a good thing, even if an optimistic paper-seller does come along and offer one last week's BYSTANDER.



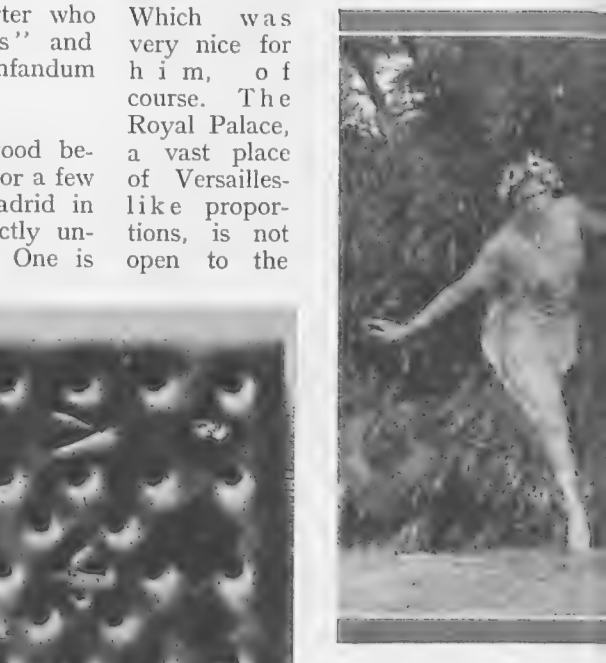
Cribb, Southsea.

THE REAL BISCUIT!

Just a reminder of the Portsmouth Navy Week, which opens on August 2 and closes on August 9, showing a genuine ship's biscuit, an article of food which has to be eaten to be believed!

WHEN Spanish people go to bed I really don't know; most of them appear to be satisfied with the afternoon siesta, which can be taken either at the cash-desk of a bank or at the wheel of a taxi-cab. Yet they are a cheerful, kindly and dignified people, distinctly Anglophile. Their amusements are diabolo, bull-fights, and having their shoes cleaned. English people should get to know Spain better, and since the excellent air service maintained by the Air Union and the Compagnie Générale Aéropostale enables one to breakfast in London and dine in Madrid—a miraculous feat, when one comes to think of it—there is no reason why they should not.

WHILE King Alfonso was dining in London, watching polo at Ranelagh, I was inspecting his palace at Madrid. Which was very nice for him, of course. The Royal Palace, a vast place of Versailles-like proportions, is not open to the general public, but visits can be "wangled." The Throne Room, with its crimson walls, black marble statues, and golden lions, is disappointing. Not so the State Dining Room, where 300 people can sit down to dinner. The parquet floor is so precious that I was asked to don a pair of soft leather goloshes provided for the purpose. Whether all the guests on State occasions wear goloshes I know not. There is one room in the palace with



Hermione Darnborough in a pa

By CHICOT

"I pride myself on knowing a thing or two"
"Really? and what's the other one?"

We Must.

Sport and General

nce produced by Miss Euphen Maclaren in a Hampstead garden. The photographer has cleverly contrived to give the "nymphs" a decidedly ethereal appearance

walls and ceiling made entirely of porcelain—baroque art at its best, or worst. I must ask the Sitwells which.

I WENT to a bull-fight—not for the first time—since everyone in Madrid goes to bull-fights. It doubtless interests the bulls to know that after next week, according to a special decree, "the crackers or detonators attached to the fire-darts shall be fixed three inches from the point of the dart, so as to explode upwards and not to burn the bull. . . . Six pairs of ordinary darts and four pairs of fire-darts shall be provided for each bull—the fire-darts only to be used if the bull shows sluggishness." So all a bull need remember is—don't be sluggish. He has plenty to be cheerful about, since he's bound to be killed, anyway.

I DO not intend to inveigh against the iniquities of bull-fighting, because I consider it no part of a stranger's business to criticise another nation's amusements, whether they be bull-fighting in Spain or bishop-boiling in Russia. I have only criticised Russia in these columns because of the damnable attempts of the Soviet to spread their poison in the British Empire, and because of the willingness of sundry ineffable Englishmen to be gulled by them. But that the Spanish are cruel as a nation I deny. They adore their children, for instance, and there are no better parents in the world.

Which reminds me that a well-meaning Englishman once screamed at a Spaniard, "Why haven't you in Spain a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?" "Why have you in England a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children?" was the quiet reply.

BY A. R. CANE

BURGLAR'S WIFE: "Look, Jim! Your last work has got a fine Press notice"

Janet Jevons

ANNIE CROFT

The clever young actress who will play lead in the revival of that very popular musical comedy, "The Maid of the Mountains"

EDNA SQUIRE-BROWN

The seventeen-year-old dancer, who is appearing at the London Coliseum. She has scored a big success in the spectacular number, "Parisian Novelties," in which she contributes several clever dances

POOR old "Ma" Janis! A vast amount of extraordinarily inaccurate stuff has been written about her in some of the English papers. I knew her so well, on both sides of the Atlantic, that I must pay a somewhat belated tribute. In the first place, Elsie Janis never called her famous mother "Momma," as she was almost invariably made to do (on paper). She called her "Mother," and she was *not* ruled by her and dominated by her completely; rather was it the other way round.

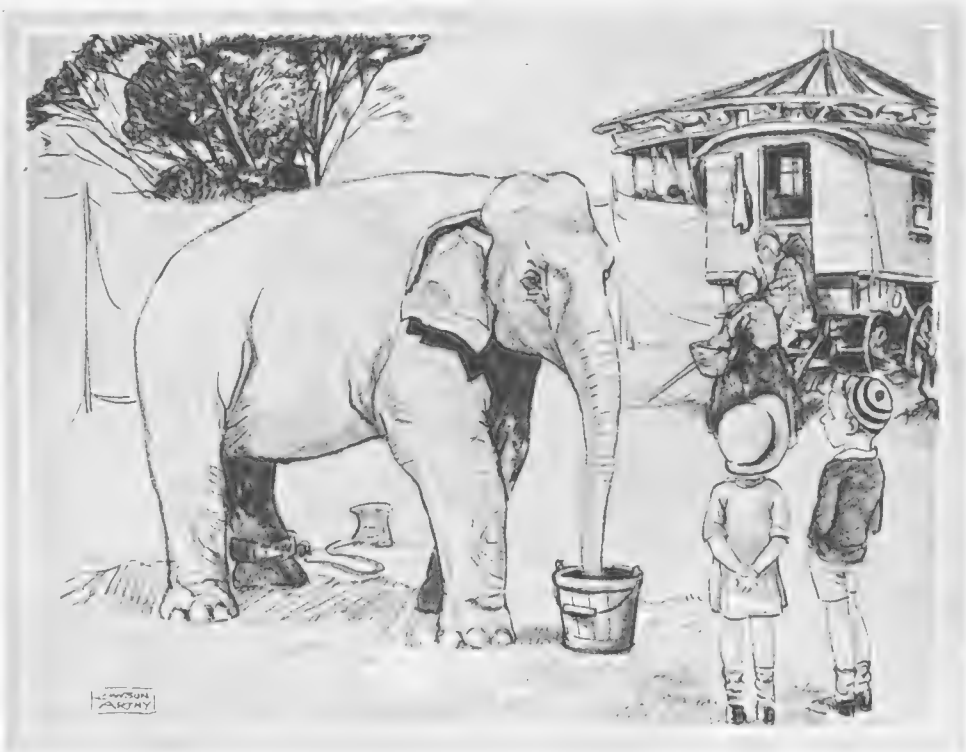
The affection between the two was not arranged as a publicity stunt (I have actually heard that accusation); it was perfectly sincere. Indeed, this affection between revue or musical-comedy actresses and their mothers nearly always is sincere. I have known about a platoon of musical-comedy-actress mothers, and like 'em all. Why so many of these girls go about with their mothers is another matter. Musical-comedy comedians don't go about with their fathers.

MRS. JANIS was a Jewess, and a shrewd one. On the stage, when Elsie was rehearsing, she could be an unholy terror. But she had the kindest heart in the world. When first I met her I was suffering from a damnable species of hay-fever. She promptly gave me a bottle of some special American medicine. When I told her that it cured me (which was perfectly true), she said nothing. But every springtime, year after year, a supply of that medicine arrived.

She was an excellent hostess, too. A good many summers ago she and Elsie took one of those old-fashioned houses in Knightsbridge, just beyond the Hyde Park Hotel, and they gave a series of genial dinner parties. Like all good American democrats, Mrs. Janis had a weakness for the English aristocracy. I remember being present at one of those dinner-parties at which Lord —— was also a guest. Mrs. Janis referred to him, simply, as "the lord," which gave the proceedings a curiously ecclesiastical flavour. "The lord hasn't any peas," she would say to a servant, or, "Elsie, give the lord some champagne" would come out in high-pitched anxiety. But she was a good sort, and she loved this country, lords and all.

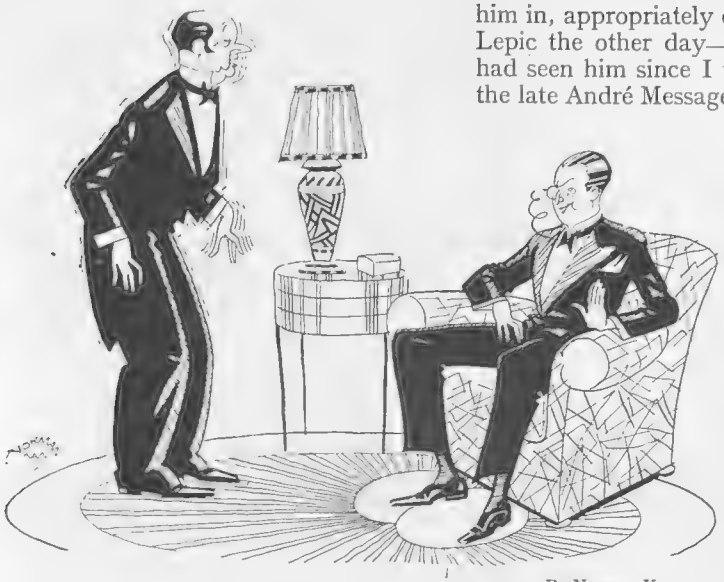
Mr. C. J. T. Thorpe, with his portrait of Lord Strickland. He specialises in "speed" portraiture which caters for modern hustle, executing a picture in a two-hour sitting. An exhibition of his works was opened recently at the Cooling Galleries

WHICH is more than some Americans do. There is, for instance, an old gentleman called Poulteney Bigelow, who is what is known as "an eminent publicist." We grow them also over here, but the growth is not quite so rank. Mr. Bigelow had a bit of a dust-up, a few years ago, with H. G. Wells about a certain misreported interview. The feathers flew, and there were talks of tens of thousands of pounds' worth of damages. My sympathies, I remember, were wholly with Mr. Wells. Now our publicist friend has been getting a little whack of publicity by interviewing the ex-Kaiser, of whom he has been, he declares, "an intimate



BY LAWSON ARTHY

"I'm going to have a self-filler on my birthday, Betty"



By Norman Kay

"What's the matter, Jenks?"
"I have a very shaky feeling, Sir"
"Well, don't waste it. Shake me a brace of cocktails!"

him in, appropriately enough, the Rue Lepic the other day—the first time I had seen him since I visited him with the late André Messager (the composer of *Veronique*) in a little flat he had near the Gaieté Rochechouart, with an upright piano all alone in the middle of the sitting-room. Charpentier is an elderly man now, just on seventy, and not in the best of health. But he is still well enough to devote his energies to his favourite project—clubs, etc., for the midinettes of Paris, who figure so prominently in *Louise*, and who are designated collectively by the name Mimi Pinson.

INNOCENTS ABROAD

Certain of the daily papers have been attacking the Continental casinos on the grounds that they lure young people to lose all their money at the tables, and emphasise the fact that the odds are actually slightly in favour of the bank!

DEAR children, if you chance to stray
On holiday to Brittany,
I beg of you to take good care
To shun the perils lurking there.
Casinos, I should now explain,
Will prove young people's special bane,
For all they want from you and me
Are piles and piles of £. s. d.—
That's why they're such a wicked lure
For youngsters, innocent and pure.

At home you're always free, of course,
To put a "fiver" on a horse,
Without arousing dire distress,
Within the bosom of the Press.
But, strange to say, it's always wrong
To gamble on "The Continong"
Where, if unlucky, you may lose
As much good money as you choose,
Although no law that's been made yet
Compels *young innocents to bet.*

So, children dear, be very cool
If asked to play at bad la boule.
And pray each night your lucky star
Will save you all from baccarat.
Although you are supposed to know
How to control what's called your "Dough."
Once you forsake old England's shore,
The Press won't trust you any more—
Yet strange to say, when all is done
Casinos give you lots of fun!

B. W.

friend since 1871." Wilhelm II in 1871 was a child, and Mr. Bigelow was very little more, so it would be interesting to know to what extent their friendship was intimate. "When the Kaiser saw me," writes the publicist, "he merely put out his hand and said, 'My old friend.' There were tears in his eyes."

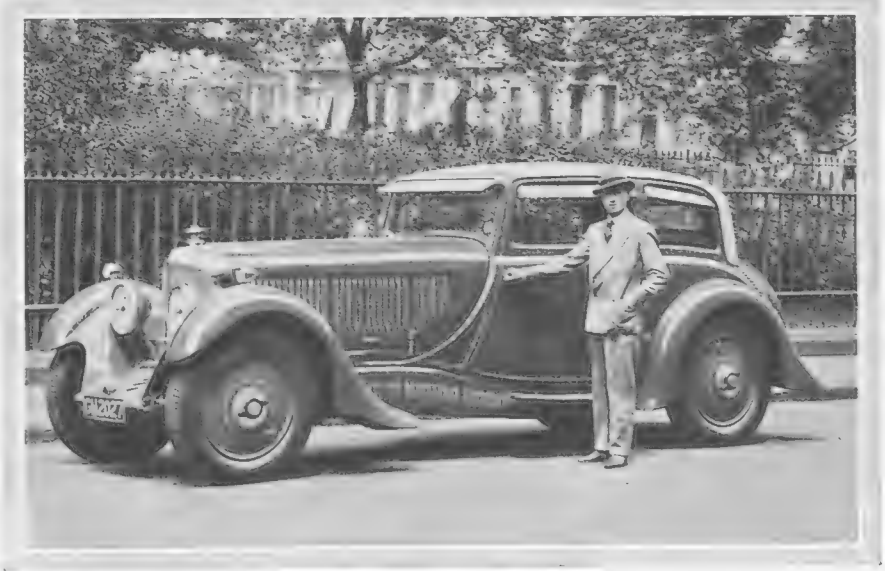
Stage Photo Co.

Janet Megrew, a newcomer to the cast of "On The Spot," Edgar Wallace's drama of crook life in Chicago, which is successfully defying the summer theatrical slump at Wyndham's. She is seen with Charles Laughton and Ben Welden

Now, Mr. Bigelow can turn out this sort of bunk by the column and do nobody any harm. But he comes to more serious matters when he declares that when at Doorn the Kaiser gave him his personal papers to examine, with a view to the discovery of the real responsibility for causing the War. "The whole matter is extraordinarily complex," remarks our American friend, with a true pontifical air, "but I feel that an impartial inquiry would show the responsibility resting on England."

If the war-guilt is really ours, I marvel that the clean white soul of America ever took the trouble to come over and win the War for us.

I IMAGINE that a good many of those who enjoy that picturesque opera of Paris life, *Louise*, are unaware that the composer, Gustave Charpentier, is still alive. I came across



Ambrose, the leader of the dance orchestra which is famous the world over, seen beside his new car It is one of the latest Speed Six Bentleys

Pyjamas for the Plage

By Blanche B. Elliott

THE holiday months are upon us, and the sea and sun are casting their spell, pulling us away from the drudgery of work or overmuch gaiety. The glory of summer, whether it be at the lakes, mountains, forest, or the sea, is not to be denied. Islanders that we are, most of us will choose the ocean, for not to have caught a glimpse of it is to have missed something definitely throughout the year.

HOLIDAY clothes have been given ever such a kick by the appearance of the pyjama suit, and these threaten to brighten our lives at seaside resorts this year. The season of 1929-30 has been made remarkable by the advent of the quite long skirt for evening—and there *are* some silly people who *will* wear it in the day. But a far more epoch-making event is the almost universal adoption of the pyjama and the various styles in which it is presented.

HAND in hand with the return to extreme femininity in dress has come extreme "emancipation," as though to proclaim the truth that only by feminine ways can woman achieve her greatest expression of freedom. Indeed, the femininity of the new fashions has moved the leaders of "feminism" to denounce them on platform and Press, thus proclaiming to a somewhat mystified world how very far away from true femininity are the ideas of the feminist movement.

PERSONALLY, I find it lovely to lean back with a pleasant "I told you so!" expression; it gives one what an Irishwoman describes as a "nice fat feeling inside." All this because you must own how often I have predicted and preached that the pyjama vogue was upon us. It has captivated the feminine world, and is worn at the cocktail party, the seaside, and for sailing, and our summer wardrobe must include at least a suit or two. I tremble to think how a not-so-slim woman will look in them, but one must just rely on her better feeling not to. They are meant purely for the young and slim—or at any rate the slim.

Patou supplies a true nautical touch in this yachting or motor boat outfit of white flannel. The natty, double-breasted coat and wide trousers with a vivid splash of colour in the scarf form a smart and practical choice for the modern Sailor Jill *Model Jean Patou*

THE big dress creators of Paris have been playing with the trouser idea for ages, and when they really set their minds on a thing they generally win. It has now reached a point in its evolution that makes its adoption practically universal. It can roughly be divided into: the beach pyjama (its most popular expression) of cotton chintz, linen, washing silk, or shantung; the lounge pyjama, of a dressier kind for the smart plage and the southern shores of the Lido or Cap d'Antibes; and the hostess pyjama in soft ninon, lace, or satin, closely related to the robe de studio.

VERY charming, too, is the frock and shorts idea shown very successfully by Molyneux, where the dress is made in one with the matching culotte. The skirt that has a division which is only noticeable in walking is ideal country and seaside wear, and the same designer has made tennis skirts on this model. One has also to look twice at some of the lounge pyjama suits to see they *are* pyjamas, as they have much fullness inserted at about the knee by flowing godets or flat pleats. While the dress-culotte is shorter, the pyjama is long, and floats out at the ankle. They have to be carefully cut, keeping the hips slim, and really have the effect of a long frock. They give a divine ease and grace in lounging and, with the high

waistline, a becoming length of limb. Extremely good-looking in black with a sleeveless white tuck-in blouse, the usual finger-length coat sometimes shortens to a bolero, when a Spanish effect is achieved. The wide-brimmed hat completes the illusion, particularly when it is edged with a lattice or ball fringe.

S

THE bright young things who thought of the beach pyjama for river wear have really achieved a dress success. The question of skirt and knickers scrambling in and out of punts and canoes has always been a difficulty. Now the pyjama girl, clad in brilliant colours with her wide-brimmed river hat, will bring the spirit of carnival back to grim old Father Thames, and help him relax into his naturally gay summer mood.

S

THE question of accessories for holiday is really too important to ignore. To your low-backed bathing suit must be added a cap, bag, shoes, and wrap in vivid colourings. If you choose a black suit, as so many smart women do, you can vary your colour schemes and work the whole bag of tricks in with it. Above all, don't forget your cosmetics. You can have rouge and lipstick of the permanent kind if you want to bathe in them, and you must include some cocoanut oil in case you burn too quickly and painfully. Your powder must take on a deeper tinge, so add a little more ochre. Nothing looks worse than a too light powder on a reddening or burnt skin, while darkened glasses save one from screwing up one's eyes and getting wrinkles.

S

AN amusing idea from America is to have a bright red patch on the corner of your handkerchief, to wipe the lipstick daub that is on your little finger after application—quite *the* most effective method. A smart woman I know carries a bit of cotton-wool for this purpose, but the handkerchief idea is so much more amusing!

Schiaparelli creates this original beach pyjama suit, with its dazzingly striped blouse and wide silk trousers. A feature, too, are the amusing little knitted beach shoes *Model Schiaparelli*

This seductive pyjama for the plage is in printed white and red silk, with wide hat edged to match, a white silk blouse and loose cut coat *Model Jean Patou*

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

An Indian Pilgrim's Progress

"Bengal Lancer" F. Yeats-Brown

By Clemence Dane

BENGAL LANCER is the chronicle built up from diaries of a young soldier who went to India in 1905, and stayed there till the War. He went through the four years, endured intolerable miseries as a prisoner in Turkey, then, returning after the Peace to India, at last left the Service in order, the book suggests, to devote himself entirely to the matters that occupied his mind throughout his active, adventurous soldier's life—to matters of religion. Yes—*Bengal Lancer* is the story of a soldier absorbed in religion. You can guess that such a book can be no ordinary entertainment; and it may be owned that at times the bewildered reader hardly knows whether he is on his head or his heels. A brilliantly written chapter describing a game of polo, a chapter as exciting as Kipling's *Maltese Cat*, a chapter whose climax is victory, three whiskies and sodas as a good foundation for dinner, and a joyous return to the waiting dogs and tired ponies ends thus—

"THIS life I lead is a drunkenness in itself, an intoxication whose natural complement is strong food and drink. To-night I've had too much of it: too much of everything."

And then, as he goes off for a walk—

"'The albatross knows its way about the sea better than the most experienced captain.' Where did I read that? It is true. Instinct is better than knowledge. My life as a soldier is jolly enough, but its pleasures are as fickle as the fumes of champagne. Here on the mountains, alone with my thoughts and my dog, I am sober again.

"The Himalayas stand up before me in the moonlight so close, so high, that I catch my breath as I lift my eyes to them.

"Dear mountains which India has worshipped since the dawn of history, before your mighty towers and turrets, your music of tree and water, I am humbled and content. I bless your silence and peace, cities of the Aryan soul."

IT is a bewildering train of thought to find a young soldier pursuing at such a moment: and the bewildering contrasts continues. The account of the pig-sticking is realistic, brutal in its gusto. It is followed by an account of how the writer, meaning no harm, bullying a recruit, is nearly murdered by him. They end as friends, unshakeable in their friendship. A dozen pages later the writer visits Benares in order to hunt down a native teacher, such a teacher as Kipling drew in the lama who protected Kim.

MAJOR F. YEATS-BROWN

Whose book, "Bengal Lancer," has been chosen by the Book Society as their choice for the month. It is published by Messrs. Victor Gollancz, Ltd., at 9s.

"THE figure turned, and looked up at me with a frank, unfaltering regard. I was puzzled as to its sex, for its face was powdered with wood ash, and its mouth gentle—a woman's rather than a man's. Ropes of black hair hung from its shoulders.

"Who are you?" it asked softly and in a boyish voice.

"I am an officer of an Indian Cavalry Regiment," I answered, listening to what I was saying with some surprise.

"Why do you come here?"

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I AM a brahmachrin from Benares," he said. "My father is a pundit there. I read up to the Matric exams. Then I became tired of this world and turned to the greater wisdom." . . .

"I would like to be a Yogi," I heard myself saying.

"Many men wish to follow the Way, but it is not for all."

"How can I find it?"

"The journey is a long one, Sahib."

LONG indeed, for the War intervenes, and the writer throws himself into the business with exactly the same sober intensity with which he goes pig-sticking or breaks an unruly recruit. But when he is captured, and the weary life of a prisoner begins, he turns serenely to religion—a religion of his India—for relief, and records his experiences with exactly the same passionate interest and belief in their reality as in the reality of machine-guns or the reality of Turkish cruelty. He ends a dispassionate and hideous account of the sufferings of prisoners, starved, brutalised, bastinadoed till they die, plunged into filthy prisons, and, if no worse befalls them, martyred by the attacks of vermin that do not merely "suck your blood, but sap your faith in God," by concluding serenely—"Under these circumstances I took to Yoga. It was little enough that the guru had told me, yet that little, with some books I had read, and the immense leisure of these days, enabled me to practise certain writhings and breathings which I should not have attempted during an active life. Time is the essence of Yoga. The exercises must be repeated until they become a habit."

"THE Englishman Italianate is the devil incarnate," says the old proverb. What proverb can the reader invent for the Englishman Indianate? How shall he classify this extraordinary book, so sane, so mad, so simple, so subtle, so modest, so bold? I have twisted and turned phrases for the last hour in a vain attempt to convey its curious interest and charm. For to say that the author jumps from pictures of India—Kim's India, with its dancing girls wearing mirrors on their thumbs, with its wonder workers who restore sparrows to life, its elephants who go shopping on their own account—to tales of war and bulldogs and lice and reflections on Aryan religions, is to suggest something plotless, eccentric, ill-mixed and spiritually pretentious. It is none of these things. *Bengal Lancer* is not a Voyage to the Moon nor a Sentimental Journey. It is a Pilgrim's Progress.

C. D.

EUROPEANS are loud in their praise of the kind and respectful way American husbands treat their wives. Which is like giving credit to a lamb for not getting rough with a lion.

THE next war will be fought in the air according to one expert. Judging from our neighbours' wireless it has already started.

FLOR D'AMOUR

A delightful painting by Mlle. Louise Lavrut, which was exhibited at the 1930 Paris Salon

COWES REGATTA WEEK: THE

THE "BIG FELLOWS" IN ACTION

A photograph taken from the deck of Cambria showing White Heather and Shamrock tacking. This year the Regatta will be even more interesting than usual, and the best yachts of all classes—with one notable exception—will be racing. The exception is, of course, Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V, which is striving to bring back the America Cup to this country and thus enable him to gain his heart's desire

Five of the big yachts with all sail set running down the Solent at the start of one
Heather, Lulworth

Photographs

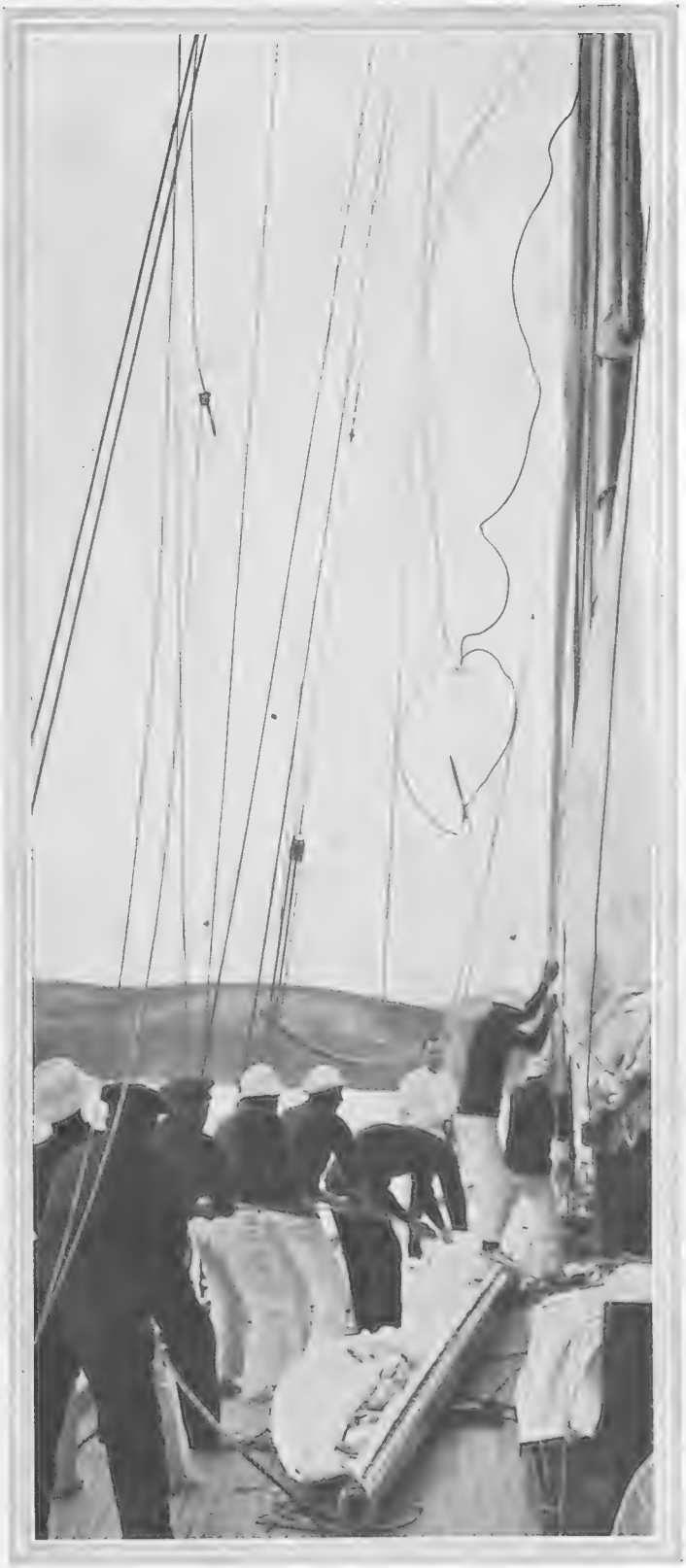
His Majesty on board Britannia which is among the most important yachts
Earl Jellicoe, the Marquise d'Hautpoul

KING AMID THE BIG YACHTS

of the races. Seen in the photograph are Cambria, Shamrock, White and Westward

Sport and General

taking part in the Regatta this year. Included in the group are Sir Charles Cust, and Major Sir Philip Hunloke



ALL HANDS TO THE ROPES

Hauling up the mainsail on board Lord Waring's White Heather, one of the most successful of the big yachts. Cowes this year has lost none of its splendour and Their Majesties left for the Isle of Wight earlier than usual this year. Society always flocks en masse to Cowes for the Regatta, which marks the end of the season, and accommodation has been at a premium for weeks past

(More yachting pictures on pages 232-233)

RAPI

BY KEITH BRYANT

RAPIDE

WHITE WINGS ON THE SOLENT

A TEST OF SEAMANSHIP

Yachts rounding the North East Middle Buoy during the racing at Cowes. It is no easy task to manœuvre cra... gains a distinct advantage over his less skilful rival.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Whose optimism and keenness are unimpaired by his previous unsuccessful efforts to lift the America Cup. Shamrock V, which is his latest challenger, will bear the good wishes of all Britons when she races against her American rival

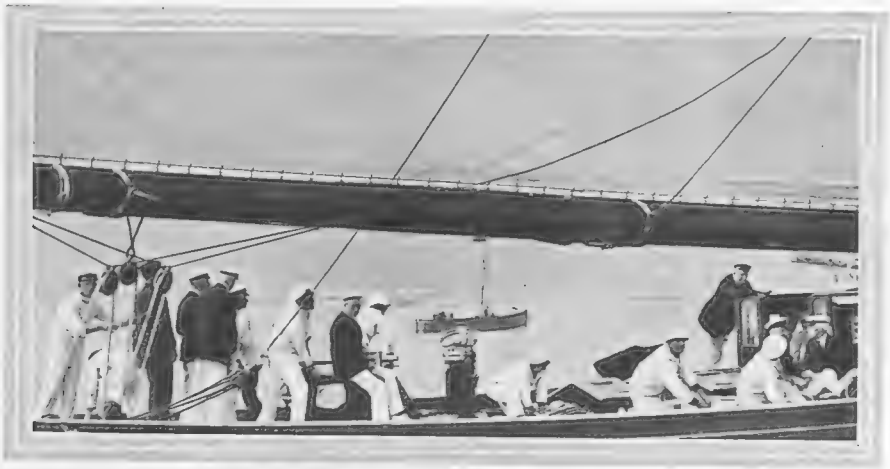
THE YACHTSMAN'S HOLY OF HOLIES

A view of the Royal Yacht Squadron Headquarters at Cowes. The Regatta draws vast crowds to the Isle of Wigh... confined to the owners of yachts and their friends

REGATTA TIME AT COWES

l the marking buoys, and it is here that the expert

year, and the interest in the racing is by no means



A glimpse of the King aboard Britannia just as she lets go her moorings. His Majesty is very much at home on a yacht and is skilled in the art of sailing

Photographs *Sport and General*

SCUDDING BEFORE THE BREEZE

Two yachts making the most of a capful of wind as they race side by side to the finish. The joy of sailing is well conveyed by the sight of these yachts, with their canvas spread, scudding through the Solent

Player's Bachelor Cigarettes

FINEST VIRGINIA
CORK TIPPED

Flat pocket boxes 10 for 6d.
Flat pocket boxes 20 for 1/-
Flat pocket tins 50 for 2/6

Bachelors are different

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

CARNIVAL

By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

Illustrated by Webster Murray

Nora . . . . allowed her eyes to drift over the countenance of her sister

NORA JENNIFER, who was twenty-eight, allowed her eyes to drift over the countenance of her sister Ellen, who was eighteen.

Nora said, "My generation taught your generation how to be young—and look what you've made of it!"

Nora tapped ashes into a squat green bowl. The sun-room was heavy with the fragrance of sweet-peas and bright with the yellows and gentian blues of striped silk, with the lacquer-black and honey of woven reed. A wasp droned loudly, beating its little winged body against one of the great panes of glass that lined the room. For a moment the wasp was a jewelled ornament of amber and black, motionless under a slanting shaft of sun. Ellen Jennifer stared unhappily at the wasp—stared unhappily beyond the wasp to the dancing petticoats of a summer sea.

"You're going to cry?" asked Nora coldly.

Ellen shook her head, remembering suddenly that Nora herself never cried. She remembered a wise crack that somebody had made about Nora long ago: "She takes life without any anæsthetics."

Yes, that had been long ago, before Nora had gone to Paris and before Ellen had gone to the school on the Hudson. In those days Ellen had always had two enormous framed photographs of Nora in her room. They had belonged to the first of the natural-looking photographs—Nora in a sleeveless sweater, with her short hair tossed; Nora leaning against a table in a beaver coat, her goloshes sloppy. This was Nora the post-War flapper—insolent—sitting on top of the world. And the small Ellen had worshipped her.

Anne and Francis Jennifer had disapproved of Nora, but a certain stunned respect had reformed their attitude towards her. Nora had smashed all the traditions—but she hadn't hidden away the pieces as her mother or her grandmother would have done. She was afraid of nothing in this world, not even her own impulses. She was impudent and gallant, reckless and honourable, and capable, as she said herself, of carrying her alcohol fairly well.

After her coming-out she had gone in her flapping goloshes from Miami to Washington, from Washington to New York, from New York to Chicago. When she came back to Miami her comment was offhand, terse, invariable. "I had fun," Nora always said.

She had a certain fame as a personality. She was photographed ski-ing, swimming, swinging golf clubs. She was youth incarnate at a time when the cult of youth was at its crest. She might have married any one of so many men that she had married none at all: she was like a child coming empty-handed out of a candy shop, surfeited by a display of too many sweets.

Her parents, quiet people of a more leisurely tradition, were more than a little bewildered. It seemed that there was little that they could give to Nora: she managed to take so much for herself. They didn't even feel very useful as a "background" for Nora in those post-War days when youth managed the production in which it was the star.

SHE surprised them one day by announcing her discontent. She was tired of all the familiar places and of all the familiar people, in spite of the fact that there were so many of them. When she was sixteen she had gone to Europe—chaperoned. She said now that she was going to Europe unchaperoned. She believed vaguely that she wanted to study designing in Paris—until the spring at least. At any rate, they weren't to worry about her. Already a great many people she knew had gone to live in Paris. She had to find herself, she said.

She didn't come home that spring—nor the next. The years slipped by, and Nora had become a legend in the family—a legend and a series of letters posted with bright and varied stamps. To Anne and Francis Jennifer she was "our daughter Nora—you remember—who's still in Europe." To Ellen she was always "my sister Nora—the one that was a knock-out."

(All rights strictly reserved)

Then, when Ellen was in her first year at the State university—budding into womanhood quite in the manner of the older novels—Nora came home.

Before Nora came Ellen had thought that she had everything now that Nora had had. Ellen had been amused, remembering how she had adored Nora—simply because when Ellen had been learning about two parts of water and one part of hydrogen, Nora had been learning about two parts of orange-juice and one part of gin. She had thought that she and Nora could talk as woman to woman now about men and morals—that there no longer would be a mysterious charm about Nora.

But Nora came home and said, "Good lord! is this the kid?" and kissed her. From that first moment Ellen was shy and happy and miserable by turns—suffering from the old idolatry. What was there about Nora? She came home wearing a simple dark suit—her hair still cut short, a béret pulled over it so tightly that she seemed to have no hair at all—and in her ears were two enormous smoky pearls. She no longer plucked her eyebrows: they were level and black over her eyes. She painted her lips, but the pallor of her skin was startling. She was still slim and proud and scornful. She was still Nora Jennifer the knock-out, Ellen thought elatedly. There would never be anybody else like her in the world.

NORA said now, "You might as well cry. You've let your hair grow—and you've even got hips, child, haven't you?"

Ellen bit her lip. But tears did roll slowly down her cheeks. But Nora did not see them. Nora had pulled a cigarette out of her case and was staring out at the sea. Ellen was glad that Nora hadn't seen the tears, but at the same time cross, unreasonably enough.

"I don't see why you're acting like this," she said stiffly. "I don't see what was so wet about my party. I think you just had your neck out."

Nora turned to her and smiled. And Ellen smiled too, against her will.

"Sorry, kid. I'm a travel-worn woman with a grouch. It *was* a good party last night—I've never seen more people have a better time. You were good to feature your ancient sister."

"You featured yourself," Ellen told her gravely. "Not pulling any act or anything, but you were just naturally *there*. All the men told me they were simply crazy about you."

All the men. Nora stared for a moment. Yes, she supposed that these gauche, wise-cracking collegiates were Ellen's "men."

She left Ellen and went down to the beach, pulling the béret over her hair. She sat on the white sands, staring at a sail that was a pencil line against the sky, her chin propped in the palm of her hand. She would come often, she thought, to this deserted cove. It was necessary to be alone. It was necessary to avoid the gentle Ellen, whose sympathetic and adoring manner might be conducive to confidences. In a life singularly devoid of bargaining Nora had never accepted sympathy nor given confidences.

NORA stared at the pencil line, wondering where it was going—and why. But there was an unwonted listlessness about the wondering. For so long a time she had quickened in sympathy to the proud and melancholy whistles of boats and trains, of all the boats and trains that were going and coming, coming and going, for ever searching and never finding. It was an amusing comment on the human spirit, she thought, that she had not found any better journey's end than home. She defended herself: when she came to the decision in Rome she hadn't been sticky and sentimental about it. She hadn't any illusions about old friends and old lovers: they were always clumsily drawn caricatures of the memories one had of them. No, she'd probably come home to find herself, to find the Nora Jennifer who had had such honest pleasure in being a wonderful girl.

Nora thrust her fist down into the sand savagely. Hadn't that been a sticky idea? Yes, it had been pretty sticky and stupid: to travel six thousand miles with a fatuous idea of finding a carnival in full progress, a carnival that was over ten years ago. She must have imagined herself a sort of ageless Pierrette, coquetting always with the moment's Pierrot. Had she dared to be honest with herself she would have thought of sweet, plaintive music and confetti of scarlet and silver and blue . . . of laughter as light as song . . . of adroit, fleeting kisses in the palm of her hand.

And now, apparently, she had come six thousand miles . . . it was funny . . . she had come six thousand miles to her sister Ellen's party.

They had been so unattractively young. They had been . . . what was it? . . . doing the racoon. They came down hard, stamping on the floor, intent upon their own feet, not upon each other's ardent eyes. Their eyes weren't ardent, as a matter of fact. Nora smiled, a little unhappily. When she was Ellen's age everybody had been ardent. They had danced very slowly, close to each other, looking into each other's eyes almost with hatred, so hurtful was this dancing. Old sinners were always ugly and usually ridiculous. But the young post-War sinners had been gallant and reckless and altogether charming. Or so it seemed now. Nora, fiercely scornful of sentiment, wondered if this were just another idea, just another mirage bright and lovely in the past. She did not succeed in convincing herself that this was so.

There was a shadow across her green linen skirt.

Nora looked up and laughed.

"Malcolm Jones!" she said.

This was not a greeting. She said Malcolm Jones's name aloud because it was so supremely apt that just this Malcolm Jones should be casting a shadow across her green linen skirt. She thought of romance in a brown paper package. Maybe she'd travelled six thousand miles to a corner grocery store.

BUT because she laughed she looked more beautiful than even Malcolm's memory of her—and that had been so beautiful that it had always made Malcolm slightly uncomfortable.

"I just heard you were home this morning," he said. "They sent me down. . . ."

He took her small hand and stared at it.

"Well, Malcolm?"

"Well . . . I don't know. I'm terribly glad you're home. Are you glad to be home?"

Malcolm had always questioned her, she remembered. He had spent years of his life questioning her, insistently, as if—discovering enough about her—he could write down all the facts there were about her on a piece of paper and put the paper into his breast-pocket. He had never hoped that she would marry him: he would have been humbly content had he only been permitted to linger near her, waiting for her smile, never understanding clearly what it was she smiled about.

He sat beside her, releasing her hand, staring at her.

She laughed again. "It really *is* good to see you, Malcolm. I've been seeing so many of my kid sister's friends that I fairly totter. I don't even understand what they're talking about. What does it mean to have your neck out?"

"I don't know," Malcolm said seriously, turning the phrase over and over in his mind.

"Then it's not just American. It's younger generation. Well, well."

"Are you planning to look up all the people you used to know?"

"No, Malcolm. Emphatically not. I've inquired about 'em . . . and they don't interest me any more. They're all . . . scattered. A lot of them are successful. I couldn't bear them. I'm still playing."

It was her perverse whim that Malcolm Jones should think her as reckless and joyous as she had always been. She had failed in her profession: the profession of being a rare and wonderful personality, but she should not tell Malcolm that she had failed, and he was not clever enough to discover it for himself.

"What are you doing?" she asked him. "Still practising law?"

"Yes, doing very well at it," he said. "You'd be surprised, but I'm really doing very well."

"I'm not surprised! Malcolm, I'm not a bit disappointed in you: you're just exactly what I remembered you to be."

She wasn't being cruel, she told herself: it wasn't being cruel to give anybody as much happiness as she had given Malcolm in one ambiguous remark.

LATER in the day Anne Jennifer came into her eldest daughter's room. Her eyes were the intent, slightly uneasy eyes of a mother bent upon being maternal. Even after all the years Nora divined the portent of this visit. She pushed away an unfinished letter and waved her mother into an armchair.

They talked casually of many things: of Anne's neuralgia, of Ellen's work at the university. At last Anne spoke of Malcolm Jones, and Nora's bright finger-nails beat a little tattoo against the desk.

"There's lots worse men than Malcolm," Anne was saying cautiously. "I've often thought that nobody could find anyone more *dependable* than Malcolm Jones."

Nora looked away, not daring to speak lest her protest be too vehement. She answered suavely, turning the conversation with an adroitness that baffled Anne Jennifer and silenced her. But after Anne had gone Nora strode angrily up and down the ivory-panelled room. The old scornful, impetuous Nora demanded: *How had she dared?* In the old days Malcolm Jones had been an amiable clown, a buffoon, an inconsiderable creature tolerated in Nora Jennifer's retinue. When she had a visiting friend who was difficult she called on Malcolm to play the gallant to the friend. When her trunk checks were lost she called on Malcolm to find them for her.

She glanced at him, confident that he would find both charm and humour in the prelude, as she did

When her car broke down a hundred miles from nowhere, she called on Malcolm to bring her home. Malcolm Jones was one of those kindly, even-tempered individuals who are always liked but seldom loved. How had Anne Jennifer dared to talk to her of Malcolm?

But the new Nora, listless and unhappy, dutifully rejoined her mother downstairs to smile over a tea-table at a number of chattering women who interested her not at all.

One of them said, "And so you're Ellen's sister! Aren't you proud of the child? She's so popular everywhere she goes—such a charming little person!"

"Yes, I'm Ellen's sister," Nora repeated, smiling, and the faint mockery in her voice was imperceptible, hardly defiant.

Everyone was kind to her—her mother's friends, Ellen's friends, and the few old friends of her own who had not drifted out of the State. She found least joy of all in the company of the old friends, whose interests centred about professions, families, or ambitions of which Nora knew nothing. Nora, as a personality of influence, was as negligible to them as she was to Anne's friends or to Ellen's.

With these people she was indifferent—and the indifference was an adumbration of her old insolent scorn. Only with Malcolm was she reassured. Her scorn of him reassured her. He was still the unwanted lover, the clown of the carnival: in his company there revived some of the old light-hearted expectancy, some of the old gallant faith in life. She was teasing Malcolm while she waited for Pierrot.

THERE was something else. For Malcolm Nora Jennifer was more than a proud and beautiful young woman:

she was the embodiment of a legend. And the legend was that which tells of all fair and inaccessible women.

He had no doubts of her, nor fears about her. With the others it was different. They worried about her and questioned her pitilessly.

"As far as I can make out," her father persisted patiently, "you didn't *learn* anything in Europe."

"On the contrary. I learned to know and appreciate many beautiful things. I've lived in old, old houses and tasted mellow wines . . . I've heard love-songs in all the languages. . . . My dear old parent, I've been around!"

"I suppose so," he admitted reluctantly. "But just the same I don't quite see what you're going to do now."

His affectionate concern was unendurable. She pulled a cigarette out of her case and tapped it against her thumb-nail, not looking at him.

She answered him at last in slow and deliberate words:

"But *I* know what I'm going to do, Dad. I'm going to marry Malcolm Jones."

No one was more surprised by this decision than was Nora herself. But the surprise of the others had release in little excited comments, conjectures, plans. Only Nora's wonder lay heavily upon her heart.

"I don't think it's fair," she told Malcolm. "If you want me as I am . . . all right. But you're not getting the best of me, not nearly the best. Malcolm, dear, I'm like a—like a damp box of matches."

"Don't worry about me," he said anxiously. "Even now if you're not absolutely certain——"

She patted the hand which had reached out clumsily for hers. "I'm absolutely certain that you love me more than you should, my dear."

He put his arm about her awkwardly, and kissed her pale, cool cheek.

AFTERWARDS she told herself fiercely that this was enough —for Malcolm. When she was twenty, and Malcolm twenty-one, he had hardly dared to strike a match for her cigarette—because he had been so clumsy in all matters involving delicacy.

Anne and Francis Jennifer were relieved. She hadn't seemed to have any aim and object in life, they said. She couldn't do better than settle down with a fine man like Malcolm. Only Ellen was disappointed.

"I'd always thought," she said unhappily, "that you'd end up by doing something wonderful, Nora. I don't know what exactly. But you *were* such a knock-out. And after—after everything, you're just going to get yourself married to old Malcolm Jones!"

"It is rather surprising," Nora agreed calmly.

"What did you think you'd do, Nora? What did you think yourself?"

"Well, I might have married a ginger-coloured prince and lived in a white palace on the Nile. Or I might have been the first woman to fly the Atlantic. Or I might have ended up in Chicago as Queen of the Bootleggers."

"You don't need to be *funny*——"

"Sorry—but you're a romantic fool, child." She added, rather cruelly, "But you're not romantic in the way I used to be. You expect coupons with your romance, don't you?"

And now Ellen was crying again, and it was necessary to comfort her. Ellen had yet to learn, Nora reflected, that candour is usually punished in this world. Candour had brought her a few knife-thrusts in her own time. Lately she'd learned to lie, just a little, about everything, including her own emotions. From now on it would be imperative to lie—about herself and about Malcolm.

When the photographer from the news syndicate came to take flashes of them together, Nora smiled charmingly into the lens—and the smile was a lie, accepting so joyfully the line that would run under the published picture: "Miss Nora Jennifer, recently returned from a long sojourn on the Continent, with her fiancé, Mr. Malcolm Jones." The grave interest she gave to her trousseau was a lie—because she was exhaustively bored with the womanly consultations between the shop people, Anne Jennifer, and herself. Nor was there any honesty in the polite attention she gave to Malcolm when he talked happily of their honeymoon. In the end it was apparent that Scotland appealed to him more than Italy or France, and she agreed with as little evident indifference as possible to the month or two of hunting and golf on the Scottish moors.

THE wedding had been set for a day in June. That was like Malcolm: to want to be married in June. He wanted orange blossoms for her, and diamonds as bright as tears . . . even a wedding cake, and bridesmaids in shimmering dresses to walk slowly up an aisle. She had promised him all these things, because she could not give him the best of herself. This was good bargaining for one whose life had been singularly devoid of any need of bargaining.

April had tripped off like a laughing ingenue—May came more soberly and was gone. Nora Jennifer stared at the small framed calendar on her desk. It was June 3, and Nora was to be married on the 7th.

Downstairs Ellen had put an old scratched record on the gramophone. Nora, hardly listening, heard the beat of a forgotten tune:

"Two for tea,
And tea for two,
You for me,
And me for you . . ."

She'd heard the song last in a boulevard café. She remembered a black gentleman of Paris, born in Alabama. And she saw herself smiling across a tiny table at somebody . . . she forgot just who.

"And I will bake
A sugar-cake . . ."

Ah, it was stupid and childish and cruel of Ellen! Angrily she pushed the calendar away and buried her head in her arms. Surely nobody in the world had been more ready for adventure and joy and perilous excitement than she, Nora Jennifer, who was to bake figurative sugar-cakes for ever and ever and ever.

But the cracked old record was spun to a rasping conclusion, and now someone put on the St. Louis Blues. Involuntarily Nora flashed a thumb over her lips in the old jazz gesture. The blues always got her, she thought.

She had told Malcolm not to come over to-night: she had wanted to be alone. But now, suddenly, she knew that she could not possibly be alone.

She put on an ivory-coloured dress and fastened a great pearl to each ear. . . .

"Nora!" cried Ellen, with obvious pride, "this is Dick Chandler—you haven't met before!"

Nora paused with her hand on the stair-rail.

"He's been dying to meet you," Ellen explained.

"Yes?" said Nora.

"For twenty-seven years," young Chandler assured her, and smiled.

"You were born, then," she said gravely, "in the year 1902. You are going to tell me all about yourself?"

ANOTHER prelude. She thought of London, of Paris and Madrid. Yes, there had been a prelude in Madrid very similar to this. She had paused, just so, with her hand on a stair-rail, looking down into eager, confident eyes. But even with this cynical comment in her mind she flushed slightly—aware of the rules of an old game, aware, too, of a most worthy adversary.

He was slim and tall and well-made. His eyes had humour, his mouth mobility. He would know the value of words and of silences, of fleeting moods, of all important trifling things. He would not be scrupulous, and he would not be particularly kind—but Nora was scornful of the heavier virtues. She came not too hurriedly down the steps.

Nora and young Chandler walked together to the verandah overlooking the sea. The water was dark and beautiful now, mysteriously murmuring, and the ancient stars glittered over a moon-white beach. She glanced at him, smiling, confident that he would find both charm and humour in the prelude as she did. He would not be reverential about the stars. He would be a young man of subtlety and intelligence.

They sat in the brightly striped steamer chairs which Anne Jennifer had provided for the verandah, and Nora wrapped a thin poinsettia-red shawl about her shoulders. There was the illusion of shipboard, and of shipboard's intimacy.

They talked, lightly, of people and of places. It was

(Continued on page 244)

A DANCER OF THE EAST

Armand Banu, whose Oriental dancing and snake-charming have created a big sensation on the Berlin and Viennese stage. She claims to possess an hypnotic figure and eyes, and it is certainly true that she fascinates not only her snakes but also her audiences, who go into raptures over her skill and charm

FILM NOTES

SENTIMENTAL FLAT-DWELLERS

BY LIONEL COLLIER

IVOR NOVELLO'S first talking picture, "Symphony in Two Flats," adapted from his own stage play, is appearing at the Tivoli this week. Novello, of course, has a good following, but I do not believe that even his most ardent admirers will find much to laud in this artificial and sentimental story of a blind composer and his almost-erring wife. It does not ring true, nor has it been well produced.

IT seems to me that V. Gareth Grundrey has simply taken the story for what it is and photographed it without any regard to atmosphere which must replace the absence of human personality on the screen. He has even inserted sub-titles to denote a lapse of time, instead of using the hundred-and-one ways with which the camera got over this anomaly long before a gift of tongues was given to the cinema.

Ivor Novello never for an instant suggests the blindness he is supposed to have suffered, nor does Benita Hume inspire one with any feelings at all as the woman who, approached by an old lover, half succumbs to his entreaties to go away with him because her husband will place his music—or so they decide—before his love for her. This situation is the be-all and end-all of the picture, and one must confess that it becomes very wearisome with the forced sentimentality that the leading characters exhibit. They pretend to be very matter of fact, but the impression they give is something quite different. One feels they are play-acting, and that they are not flesh-and-blood creations at all.

THIS is rather a pity, because voice reproduction is good and the opening sequences in a ballroom during a carnival dance give promise of better things to come. Instead of that, we have the hero behaving like a martyred saint, the heroine trying to be one, and the third angle of the triangle not knowing whether he is a villain or really a very unconscious cad.

Then, too, we are asked to be convinced that the hero's classical symphony—he is a struggling musician with a waltz tune of doubtful merit attached to his name—is turned into a wonderful jazz symphony; even Jack Payne and his men are unable to convince one of that.

It is while he is writing this would-be masterpiece that he loses his sight, and through various misunderstandings parts from his wife. He made me feel that any woman would quite rightly do the same in the like circumstances.

Camera work is good in this picture, but it does not show any intrinsic production or acting values. The one person who really seemed to live was Minnie Rayner, as Mabel, a charlady.

SO at long last "The Phantom of the Opera" has appeared at a West End theatre. It marks the temporary occupation of the newly built Dominion Theatre as a cinema. This picture, as is well known, was the cause of a good

Mary Philbin, as Christine, the singer, loves and obeys the voice of the Phantom, but when she unmasks him she is horrified. A scene in "The Phantom of the Opera," the Universal Picture now at the Dominion Theatre, in which Lon Chaney wears a remarkable make-up as the Phantom

The mob discover the underground dwelling of the Phantom. A dramatic scene in "The Phantom of the Opera." This Universal Picture, originally made five years ago by Carl Laemmle, has now been converted into a talking, singing, and sound film, with colour effects. Max River's ballet precedes the film, which is now at the Dominion Theatre

The Winning Symphony is broadcast while Benita Hume, Cyril Ritchards, and Ivor Novello listen in. A scene in the new Gainsborough British film, "Symphony in Two Flats," now being shown at the Tivoli

Lita, a dancing girl, fascinates Jerry Flanagan (Edmund Lowe), an Irish-American sailor. A scene in "The Bad One," Dolores del Rio's first talkie now at the Regal

deal of controversy about five years ago when it was accorded a Territorial escort. The proceedings led to its being banned by the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association which has since removed its embargo.

As a matter of fact, the publicity stunt which was put over on its arrival was not a question of insulting any branch of the British Army, but a lack of understanding of British feelings, and one feels that recrimination carried any farther is not in keeping with British characteristics.

ANYWAY, Lon Chaney's silent masterpiece (so-called) is now exempt from any bans, and with the addition of "goat glands," which is the rather apt American phrase for the rejuvenation of a silent film into a part talkie, is now on public view.

Unfortunately I was not able to see this picture before going to press with these notes, so that I have relied on a friend of mine—a well-known American critic, Elizabeth Lonergan, for an account of it. She tells me that when "The Phantom of the Opera" was produced in America some six years ago, its success was due to a number of things. Its story was novel, for at that time back-stage dramas were unheard of, and its quaint settings in the Paris Opera House were decidedly out of the ordinary. Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin were just coming into their own, and the production as a whole was lavish and well directed. For years the reproduction of the grand staircase in the Opera House was one of the show sets in Universal City (the production studio). The ballet and ensemble work in "The Phantom" was also widely praised, and the many hair-raising episodes in which Chaney appeared had much to do with his later vogue as a character star. But styles change in even shorter spaces of time, and the revival in the States this year of the picture with dialogue and sound added could not overcome the old-fashioned bits which cropped up continuously in the modern version. Universal worked it over and over again with the final result much more pleasing, and since then it has been subject to further changes. Colour scenes have been added, also new ballets and more music.

When the revival was planned Lon Chaney refused unheard-of sums to talk his lines. With Charles Chaplin he stood firmly against appearing in talkies. It was only recently that he completed "The Unholy Three" in dialogue, leaving Chaplin as the sole star exponent of the silent firm. So his rôle, at least, was given by another, and Mary Philbin's is also under suspicion.

L. C.

Eleanor marries an ugly man for his money—and later fails to recognise in the handsome stranger her husband, who has been visiting beauty parlours. Warner Baxter and Catherine Dale Owen in "Such Men are Dangerous," a Fox film, to be seen shortly

FLYING NOTES

P. and A.

Saro Cloud, the biggest amphibian air yacht in the world, was recently launched at the Cowes works of Saunders-Roe, Ltd. Destined for passenger service in Canada, this vessel carries a pilot, navigator and a wireless operator, and has in addition ample accommodation for eight passengers. It is regarded as ideal for service in Canada, being perfectly suited to the great rivers and lakes of the country

FLYING UNDERNEATH THE WORLD — By Capt. C. E. Ward

"With Byrd at the South Pole"

At last a film has come to London deserving any title, superlative or extravagant. Such flying scenes as are shown form but a small part of an epic story which tells of the adventures of forty-two men who spent the long, dark winter in Antarctica for the purpose of exploring by air. The aeroplane is given its true value—a vehicle with which to survey the world. The crowning achievement of the expedition was a flight across the South Pole, 1,600 miles in twenty hours, following in the footsteps of Scott, Shackleton and Amundsen, who spent weary months and years in fighting against the cold and desolation which is eternal. There are no trees nor flowers, no life except seals, whales and penguins at the edge of the Great Ice Barrier; nothing but snow and ice covering vast mountain ranges for nine million square miles. This film is no mere cinema story staged at Hollywood, but stark reality—strong meat for those of us who must stay at home to grumble about India, taxation and the lack of opportunity for the individual. If we could but see it, this story of a Polar expedition again points the moral—hateful word—that transportation is civilisation. The air is the only medium through which progress is possible at unlimited speed. You may well ask who wants to civilise Antarctica, where temperatures are usually below zero. See the film before making up your mind—if our country has any future at all, that future lies in the air.

Out with the Gliders

The London Gliding Club's ground at Ivinghoe Beacon, near Tring, is a popular rendezvous every week-end for those interested in the new sport of air-yachting. The Prince of Wales, Prince George and Lord Louis Mountbatten paid a surprise visit a week or so ago, and Herr Kronnfeldt, the young German demonstrator, caused much amusement by addressing questions to the Royal party as he soared over their heads. The London Gliding Club has produced a two-seater for instructional purposes. Hitherto, novices have been trained by example and precept, much in the same manner as the early pilots learnt to fly on power-driven aircraft. Nearly 200 enthusiasts have been introduced to gliding at Ivinghoe since the Club started, and there are numerous other clubs in different parts of the country. The Lancashire Aero Club's gliding section is the most advanced outside London. An Air Yachting "match" was held on Sunday last between teams from the London and Lancashire clubs, the competition being to determine which team could put up the highest average duration. The Master of Sempill, Mr. Marcus Manton, a well-known pre-war flying instructor, and Captain Needham, the aircraft designer, were amongst those taking part.

Planet News

Prince George recently attended a meeting held by the London Gliding Club which took place at Ivinghoe, Bucks, when the well-known German gliding expert, Herr Kronnfeldt, gave demonstrations in his machine, the Wien. Above is seen His Royal Highness being shown the working of the controls by Mr. Ashwell Cook, of the London Gliding Club

Silent Aeroplanes

Not only does a noisy noise annoy an oyster, but it inspires numerous people to write to *The Times* with particular reference to the noises made by aircraft. Unfortunately, aircraft will continue to make some sort of noise, however much the engines may be silenced. There are two separate and distinct problems to be solved: one, the silencing of the engine, which will be achieved, as in the case of motor cars, for sordid reasons of commerce in order to attract passengers and private owners, and the other the reduction of aircraft noises caused by the rush of the 'plane through the air, which can be reduced but never eliminated entirely. We shall become accustomed to the buzz of aeroplanes in due course, and will think them no more noisy than ships' sirens at a seaport, motor 'buses in London or grasshoppers in the fields. Incidentally, the Prince of Wales has purchased a Puss Moth, which is an extremely quiet machine, specially designed for comfortable touring. There is accommodation for a pilot, passenger and adequate baggage or alternatively a pilot and two passengers for a day in the country. The price of the machine, ready to fly away, is £1,000.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MR. HUEFFER and THREE OLD STAGERS

By Ralph Straus

FOR many years I have looked upon Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer as a really good writer, whose work ought to be much more widely known than it is. Unfortunately (for himself) he is not a man who feels called on to produce a new book every season. Still more unfortunately, he does not always write the same kind of book. He does not even always use his own name. Also, he has a brother with a considerable literary reputation, and that, I cannot help feeling, is yet another piece of bad luck. His latest book, *Some of the English* (Benn: 10s. 6d.), certainly does nothing to make me change my opinion about him. It is as lively and as entertaining a piece of work as you could ask for, not a novel and not a sociological manual, but something delightfully betwixt and between—a picture of a Metropolitan Borough, as Mr. Hueffer, returning from foreign parts, found it a year or two ago.

NOW, in the wrong hands, this kind of book can be quite appallingly dull. Even when the unlikeliest material is available, as, for instance, in a volume about life in the East End, something more than accurate reporting is necessary. When, however, the background is so "ordinary" and, superficially, so undramatic as that provided by Mr. Hueffer's *Romwell*, it says much for an author who can transmute it, without making use of unfairly imaginative embroidery, into an exciting and most picturesque corner.

ROMWELL is somewhere south of the Thames. Once upon a time rich merchants used to retire to its rural delights and build themselves more or less pretentious mansions. Many of these mansions still exist, but they are now lodging-houses or stores, and, with one honourable exception, the rich merchants have gone. If, however, Romwell has gone down in the world, it has its prosperous shops, its factories and its trams. And it still has its delicate social distinctions. The admirable Mrs. Mellon, once lucky enough to have had Mr. Hueffer for a lodger, may go to the new Saloon Lounge of the "Grey Mare" without loss of caste—"The more I drink," she admits, "the more respectable I get"—but the genteeler Mrs. Thwaites is obliged to imbibe her invalid, and therefore non-alcoholic, port in less public places. A dropped aitch, moreover, in Romwellian circles is not an unforgivable mistake; it merely renders its maker slightly "old-fashioned."

ROMWELL, too, has its title. Sir Manual Peck, a genuine K.B.E., carries his patriotism so far that he actually continues to live in the Borough after his elevation. Mr. Hueffer admits that he was never on intimate terms with this excellent knight but does not hide his admiration for the man. On the other hand, he has little good to say of the one burglar who paid him a professional visit. The burglar was small and Mr. Hueffer is large. There was a short conversation between them, as a result of which the burglar was given five shillings for being frightened and politely shown out by the front door. This was clearly compounding a felony, and I feel that Mr. Hueffer only received his deserts when the burglar, a few weeks later in the police court, gave his benefactor's name as a reference.

MR. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

Whose new book, "Some of the English" (Benn: 10s. 6d.) is reviewed by Mr. Straus on this page

FROM what I have said you may be able to gauge the measure of this singularly attractive book. It is written in a light-hearted way, but it has its serious side. It shows very well the astonishing change which has engulfed even our most conservative suburbs. More important, it is human and understandable: an excellent book which ought not to be missed.

I COME to the Old Stagers, all very popular novelists. What have they to offer us? Rather old-fashioned romance, I am afraid. Mr. W. B. Maxwell may perhaps be given first place, for he has some first-rate work to his credit. But has the time come when he is a little tired? To be candid, I found *To What Green Altar* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.) more than faintly disappointing. It follows too closely the old, old rules, and after a lively beginning seems to have been churned in a machine, and in a machine far from being the latest model. For what happens? A prim spinster, against her inclinations, falls madly in love with the man who lives on the opposite side of the road. He is a bad lot, a bully and a hard drinker; also, so lost to all sense of decorum as to live (in respectable Westmouth, of all places) with a lady who is not his wife. The lady dies, and the prim spinster calmly crosses the road and proceeds to take charge.

THIS sounds curious but reads like fact. Unfortunately, their subsequent history as man and wife, while considerably less curious, reads like fiction. She loses all her money; he breaks out; they sink down to the depths. But I never felt that the masterful Margaret would have been quite such a fool with money, or that her wastrel of a husband could have pulled himself together at such a convenient moment. And when the two of them settle on a Provençal farm, have two healthy children, and are left sufficient money to purchase the farm, it seemed to me that virtue was really being too highly rewarded.

THEN there is Mr. Gilbert Frankau's romance, *Martin Make-Believe* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.). This, I think, is a good story, though here again the model of the machine is old. But Mr. Frankau has gusto, and if his writing remains curiously unpolished, he himself knows how a story ought to be told. And in his later chapters, when his hero is ruthlessly sent to prison, I found myself being very genuinely moved.

THE title more or less explains the book. Martin Kenterton is never wholly in the real world for very long, and sometimes his imagination leads

CARNIVAL (continued from page 238)

not necessary for young Chandler to boast of himself. His own success gave a frame to each of his anecdotes. He talked a little of his four years in New Haven, of a subsequent winter in Chicago, of a gay summer in New Orleans.

She did not hear what the boy was saying. She stood with her arm about the white pillar of the verandah and stared out to the dark, stirring sea.

It was like a comic opera, she thought dully. The tenor had stopped singing long enough to kiss a slightly disillusioned prima donna. But this was a nice boy, she thought; he deserved someone more—more appreciative than herself.

She heard Anne Jennifer's light, hurried step. She felt Anne's hand tightly closed about her arm.

"Nora! Nora, I've got to tell you something. Can you brace yourself all in a minute? Mr. Chandler, would you very much mind——"

Nora and her mother were alone.

"Go ahead, please," Nora said.

"It's Malcolm, Nora. They just 'phoned from his house. They said . . . Nora, he's shot himself."

Nora spoke quietly. "Is Malcolm dead?"

"No. But I think it's serious, dear. Nobody at the house knows why——"

"Mother, tell Martin to get the roadster out—and will you please run upstairs and get me a coat?"

She was alone, and going down the gravel path to the driveway. Her hands were about the wheel of the car.

Why had Malcolm shot himself? Nobody else would understand. But she understood that he had not been able to face marriage with a stuffed doll. There were no words contemptuous enough, she thought, with which to describe her. Even if Malcolm didn't die, the knowledge that he had known her worthlessness would for ever shadow them.

She was in Malcolm's house and his mother was leading her into his room.

"Nora!" he said. "Don't worry. . . . I got it in the arm, and it's just been bandaged nicely. Nora—Nora—don't get down on your knees!"

But she was kneeling beside him, not touching him, staring at the arm which had been bandaged—"nicely," as Malcolm had said.

"Malcolm . . . you did this? You shot yourself?"

"Yes. I fainted away, like an ass, before I could explain. I was getting the guns ready for Scotland, and you know what a clumsy brute I am——"

"You didn't *mean* to do it, then?"

He looked at her in astonishment. He turned the remark over and over in his mind. She had been joking, he thought. So often he hadn't been able to understand her jokes. He smiled at her, delightedly.

Tears welled within her eyelids and slipped over burning cheeks.

"Please, Malcolm . . . don't postpone the wedding," said Nora Jennifer, very humbly.

J. B.

"INSIDE INFORMATION"

By W. Hodgson Burnet

History is written (or at any rate enlivened) by descriptions of the idiosyncrasies of the great, and future historians may like to know that Mr. Winston Churchill likes nothing so much as ham cut very thin and served with fresh figs. —*Daily Express.*

I WANT to make myself quite clear
To you, dear Sir, (or Ma'am)
About this little paragraph
Re Winston's figs and ham.

It may be that the traveller
In bus or tube or tram
Is actually glad to read
Of Winston's love for ham.

Historians may hail with joy
The fact that from his pram
Winston demanded for his tea
Fresh figs and thinnish ham.

The schoolboy may be asked to state
In some far-off exam
"What fruit was it that Winston liked
Accompanying ham?"

Professors on the Isis and
Grave dons upon the Cam
May some day publish treatises
On Winston's flair for ham.

The gossip writer may be right
—This world is such a sham—
Our grandsons really may *be thrilled*
With Winston's figs and ham.

BUT—personally—(*even though*
In this alone I am,)
I don't particularly care
What *Winston eats with ham,*
Or whether he prefers cold beef
To Canterbury lamb.
I shouldn't get excited or
Despatch a telegram
To tell my *editor I'd heard*
That Winston loved to cram
His inside with the bivalve known
To gourmets as the clam,
Or that he scorned potatoes but
Was partial to the yam,
In fact, to put it briefly though
It's not an epigram,
"Let Winston eat what Winston likes,
I do not care a d—n!"

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 243)

him sadly astray. His wife is unfaithful, and he has visions of vengeance, but nothing much happens. His son is killed, but things go on. He falls in love with a splendid girl, and imagines that they are only friends. But in the world of finance it is dangerous to make-believe, and although Martin is morally blameless, he is not unjustly found guilty of fraud. His trial is one of the most vivid scenes of the kind I have ever read, and I could wish that the rest of the book had been on the same level. But it is good, readable stuff of a kind which will probably not lose its popularity for some considerable time.

Thirdly, there is Mr. John Buchan's new book, an adventurous comedy called *Castle Gay* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and here, too, it is a case of "the mixture as before." But it is a fairly delectable mixture, and, if I may be allowed the metaphor, its bottle is made of the best cut-glass. The scene, of course, is Scotland, and the chief actors are Scots; though a few daring conspirators from the Balkans venture to play a hand in the game. An abducted newspaper magnate who surprisingly flies from publicity, the three heroes who figured in *Huntingtower*, undergraduate boisterousness, journalistic rivalry, and the troublesome Evallonians—with such materials Mr. Buchan gets to work in his jolly way, and if he has written more exciting and much more important books, *Castle Gay* passes an hour or two well enough.

Mr. Jesse Collings does his best for the Entente Cordiale in *Please Meet Alphonse* (Joseph: 2*s.* 6*d.*), wherein a young Frenchman, writing in a strange language which he fondly hopes is English, expresses his admiration for our excellent selves. Alphonse is certainly busy, whether he is attending the Derby, playing cricket, hunting, enjoying a Bank Holiday, or attempting to understand the mysteries of a pantomime. And, taken in small doses, he is passably amusing.

R. S.

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

SATISFY.

THE VALUE IS IN THE CIGARETTES

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SHOOTING NOTES

HEAVY RAIN AND COLD NIGHTS

By "Clodhopper"

IN these days of labour-saving farming implements the stubbles left in the trail of the modern "self-binder and reaper" are scarcely high enough to afford harbourage to a sparrow. We have, therefore, to rely mainly upon roots as holding-covert for partridges during the shooting season, and the outlook in this respect was by no means encouraging prior to the recent heavy rainfall.

IN many of the Midland and East Anglian agricultural districts a very considerable acreage of mangolds, sugar-beet, swedes and white turnips had to be ploughed up and re-sown owing to the ravages of that destructive pest, the turnip-fly. Potatoes, even in Lincolnshire, are but an average crop this year, while wheat, barley and oats are not quite up to expectation, particularly winter-sown oats, which were not improved by the bitterly cold nights experienced during the earlier part of the spring. But the thirsty tillages having now absorbed sufficient moisture to thoroughly saturate the soil to a considerable depth, we venture to predict that the root crop will furnish ample ground-cover from September onwards, until such time as the roots are fed off by sheep and cattle or carted away. Other good holding cover as clover or mustard is in most of the areas we have visited flourishing profusely.

ON the other hand, it is to be feared that the cold and torrential rains of the past ten days or longer must have played sad havoc with young game birds, especially in regard to partridges and wild pheasants on low-lying and heavy lands. There has been scarcely a break in the weather or a glint of sunshine to dry and warm the rain-sodden chicks during the day; the nights have been unusually chill and wet, and at the moment of writing the weather-glass looks unfavourable.

AS we all know, the partridge is not only a fond and careful parent, but a wise little meteorologist to boot. At the earliest indications of an approaching storm a pair of old partridges will "cluck" their precious family to heel and hover it under the shelter afforded by the leeside of the nearest hedgerow, bank, timber tree or available cover of some kind. But in times of continuous cold and driving rain, such as have obtained of late, how can the parent birds provide both food and adequate shelter to their still lightly fledged broods? Poor little beggars, they can't; and the most optimistic of gamekeepers even must be sad at heart in respect to the welfare of their charges. But it is a poor heart that never rejoices. Let us therefore hope that a quick and favourable change of weather may occur to prevent what promised to be an excellent game-shooting season turning out a failure.

Sport and General

Grouse shooting opens on August 12, and many scenes such as the one above will again be witnessed. Although not quite such big bags are anticipated on the Scottish moors this year, the sport in the Northern counties promises to be above the average

GROUSE being in a more advanced stage of existence than young partridges or pheasants are better able to withstand the present adverse climatic conditions than either of the latter species of game birds. In any case, we continue to receive most cheerful news concerning them from Scottish correspondents. It is, naturally, impossible to estimate with the same degree of accuracy the numerical strength of grouse inhabiting this or that moor as it is to give a return of the head of pheasants turned off into a certain covert from the rearing fields. Comparatively few moors will have been tried with dogs yet, and then chiefly to give a finishing touch to the education of the young pointers and setters and to steady the seasoned dogs for the strenuous work to come.

TAKING the grouse reports en masse, we gather that although not such big bags as those which were made on many of the principal Scottish moors last season are anticipated, rather better than average sport is expected in most northern counties. There is, apparently, a spendid stock of healthy and remarkably strong grouse in most of the moorland districts of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, and Inverness-shire, including the famous Cawdor moors, which during six and a half days' shooting early in August last included 1,800 brace of grouse and "various" to Mr. Chub and his party of seven guns. Equally favourable reports come to us from Perthshire and other Scottish counties. Unless we are mistaken, it was on the Grantley Castle moors, Perthshire, that Lord Beatty and five other guns killed no fewer than 2,566 grouse and other game in three days' shooting, which constituted one of the best—if not the best—bag of Scottish grouse for 1929. May the noble and gallant sportsman enjoy equally good shooting next month.

IN many of the Highland deer forests stags have improved to a remarkable degree in horn, weight and body colour during the past few weeks. Stalking is likely to be a little late in some forests, we understand. This will enable some of the fortunate people who are about to journey North to get into fit condition with the grouse before attempting the more strenuous sport of deer-stalking. Heads, generally speaking, are not very good, but weights will be well up to the average.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

WHAT ABOUT THAT SHOOTING?

SUCH an excellent game season as is now assured should induce all who have the means, or can raise the wind, to participate in the sport that promises so well. The financial depression which has plunged everybody into the mood for self-denying economy is in most cases a mental state rather than a real pinch. A considerable part of the depression is due to aggregated postponement of expenditure that would have been cheerfully faced in more optimistic periods. The class who shoot as a rule make their money in spasms, but between-times the margin, whether of capital or revenue, is usually ample for pursuing an even course of life. To do this now is actually a duty, since it helps to smooth conditions for those who budget week by week or month by month. From another standpoint is the consideration that a person has only so long to live and that to forgo the present exceptional opportunity is to leave a blank where many pleasant incidents might be enjoyed and contribute to the store of happy memories. One thing to be remembered by those to whom ambitious projects are denied is that in a good season for partridges, hence all wild-bred species, the roughest of shoots carries an unusual quantity of "stuff." What better, therefore, than to chase around in the car and find some attractive spot capable of filling ten or a dozen days in the autumn?

THE next International parley may include a demand from Great Britain for some sort of parity with Bobby Jones.

"Do you care for dancing, Peggy?"

"No. It's merely hugging set to music."

"Well, what is there about it that you don't like?"

"The music."

YES, THIS IS the 'ivory' tip!

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AT THE PLAY

MELODRAMA—OLD AND NEW

Adam Yorke (Ashton Pearce), a crook, has a slight difference of opinion with Paul Jelf (Frank Royde), another crook, who believes he is being "double crossed." This elderly Adam is murdered shortly afterwards

"Traffic," at the Lyceum

IN the days when melodrama was staple fare at the Adelphi, with William Terriss and Miss Millward as hero and heroine, you paid your money and *did* know what you would get.

YOU would have a hero full of noble sentiments and valour, and one whose mission in life it was to rescue beauty in distress. For these attributes one forgave him his lack of intellect, for he was always falling into the obvious traps set him by the villain only to be rescued—usually by the low comedian—and these two in company would then proceed to release the heroine from a most unpleasant predicament in which she had been placed by the villain. Our hero in those days was a hero.

AND there could be no doubt about the heroine if only for the reason that she was as chuckle-headed as the hero, and was but a child in the hands of the villain, who had designs—designs discreetly camouflaged—upon her virtue. Throughout the evening she wandered about hoping to marry the hero, but in the meantime fearing a fate which in those days was considered "worse than death." Could such a sweet, innocent thing be anything but a heroine? No!

AS for the villain, he could be spotted at a glance, for who but a scoundrel of the deepest dye would wear evening dress, an opera cloak, and a squash hat—not to mention a waxed moustache—at any time of the day or night? In no melodrama that I have ever seen did the villain go to bed—he was always too busy plotting plots against the heroine to indulge in sleep—but had he done so I am convinced he would not have removed those clothes, not even the squash hat!

THE last stock figure was the good-hearted low comedian. He provided what is known as "comic relief," which was usually manufactured by duologues of back-chat with a saucy soubrette with whom he paired off in the end. Not only was he usefully employed to relieve tension by amusing the audience, but also to play his scenes before a front cloth to give sweating stage hands time to set the next big scene.

BUT such melodramatic figures have gone out of fashion nowadays, and not only the figures but the perpetual action on the stage where there was always something afoot. In place of these we have the modern mystery play, an example of which can be seen at the Lyceum Theatre, where *Traffic*, by Noel Scott, has been staged.

IN this modern form of melodrama we "dunno where we are." Who is the hero? Where is the heroine? As for the villains, all seem to be so except a couple of young women about to be shipped off to Buenos Ayres to increase the stock of the white slave traffickers. It is needless to add that we have the police on the track of this gang, who are also robbers, but the Force go about their business in a most perfunctory manner. Quite early in the proceedings they are called in to investigate a murder, and are so careless that they lose the corpse! This, however, does not prevent evidence being taken at what must have been a tiring sort of inquest for the coroner, who had no body to sit on!

THIS is not the only murder which takes place; in fact, there are two more, to say nothing of a suicide before the curtain falls; but they are mere make-weights. What the author mainly relies on to create interest is the

Andreo Gardani (Tony de Lungo), a decoy duck in the white slave traffic trade, and Bob (Lionel d'Arragon) who ships off the goods

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "TRAFFIC," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

answer to the riddle: "Who is the Big Chief of the gang who has never been seen by any one of them?"

WE are left guessing until the very end. Quite early in the proceedings suspicion falls upon Dennis Neilson Terry who, however, by all melodramatic laws should be the hero, and his conduct is occasionally so bereft of sense that he reminds one of the old stock type. There is no heroine in this play—at least no one of the persecuted type—except two characters so small that they could not fill the bill. But there is a Cockney housekeeper to the gentleman "done in" in Act I, and as her part is a long one, and it is played by Mary Glynne, it is only natural to assume that she will also appear in a sympathetic light in the dénouement.

Josephine Carr (Nesta Elizabeth) bound and gagged after being given more than a whiff of chloroform

Anthony Yorke (Dennis Neilson-Terry), who "swallows in father's footsteps," in the very best of spirits, proves himself a "twister" with Elizabeth Linley (Mary Glynne)

WHEN the explanation was at length given in some long speeches towards the close it left me gasping and amazed. The Big Chief was none other than ——, but as the interest in this play depends, in the main, on guessing the identity of this individual, it seems hardly fair to give away the secret.

A LYCEUM audience appeared to enjoy this mystery thoroughly. I think I should have enjoyed it more had it not been taken so slowly. Time and again, especially in the earlier scenes, I felt that if the cast had dashed at the dialogue more, the effect would have been heightened. As there were, in addition to three juicy murders, none of which was committed within sight of the audience—shame!—and a suicide who also dies off—scenes of abduction, chloroforming and threatened horsewhipping it seems rather absurd to complain of a lack of action, but nevertheless this play did, for me, possess moments when it dragged.

MARY GLYNNE may be absolved from blame. She played a part quite out of her usual line with conviction and cleverness and made a big success. Others who also played melodrama as it should be played were S. J. Warmington as a detective-inspector, Frank Royde a murderous villain, Lionel D'Arragon a fearsome thug, and Joan Kemp-Welch and Marjorie Playfair damsels in distress.

DENNIS NEILSON TERRY'S part appeared to be that of a dilettante on the drink. If, on occasion, he could impart a firmer impression of latent "guts" I think it would improve what is already a good performance.

V. W.

DOGS

PUPPIES — By Lady Kitty Ritson

THIS is the time of year when, if you intend to buy a puppy, you should set about acquiring one. Breeders like having litters in the summer, therefore there is a large choice, and summer puppies have had the advantage of the sun and the fine weather to aid them in the first few steps on their road through life.

I THINK it is difficult to know whether the amateur is wiser to buy direct from kennels, or from a "dog shop." So much depends on both the kennels and the shop. If you are personally acquainted with a breeder, then buy from him, otherwise find a good shop and buy there, but try in either case to get a personal recommendation to one or the other. When you have made up your mind what breed of puppy you want, and have paid a reasonable price (a very low price often means a sick dog), treat him, or her, sensibly, and don't ask the impossible. You can't expect to house-train a pup in five minutes, and when people come to me with tales of woe about dirty dogs, I am inclined to suspect the owners of being both ignorant and unreasonable. If you follow these few rules you should have a healthy dog and few disasters.

A PUP of three months old needs three good meals a day. Let it sleep in its basket after it has had a feed, and the moment it wakes up take it outside. It will soon learn and will ask for itself. Of course, in addition you must let it out every two hours, and you must keep an eye on what it is doing. If it does make a mistake, please don't imagine that "rubbing its nose in it" is going to be effective, it is merely stupid and cruel.

NEW FOOTWEAR! Fox Photos

Miss Jane Lane with her white French Poodle. This breed is extremely rare and is always greatly admired when on show

THE meals should consist of a breakfast of biscuit, lightly cooked meat or fish. Then a mid-day meal of the same biscuit, and, in addition, a little Lactol, and in the evening a little more meat, dry, and also dry biscuit. It is very important to give the last meal quite dry. Of course, it must have constant access to clean, cold water. Never give cow's milk, it is definitely bad for puppies and blows them out, without nourishing them, as it is not sufficiently rich for its bulk. Lactol is prepared scientifically and is of the same strength as a dog's milk. All pups, indeed all dogs, should have bones twice or three times a week, not little splintery ones, and never those of chicken or rabbit, but good, solid, raw bones. These are absolutely necessary for puppies to enable their teeth to come through.

DON'T let children lift up puppies or drag them about. Children don't mean to be cruel, but they are often extremely unkind through ignorance, and they should be taught to leave a puppy on the floor. If it has to sleep in the house, provide a box or a basket on legs which is off the ground, so as to avoid draughts. Until it has learnt to be clean, spread newspapers all round the sleeping place, and remember that you will be very lucky if it is house-trained before it is six months old. Of course, if you live in the country you have practically no difficulties, for you can contrive a cosy little kennel in an outhouse.

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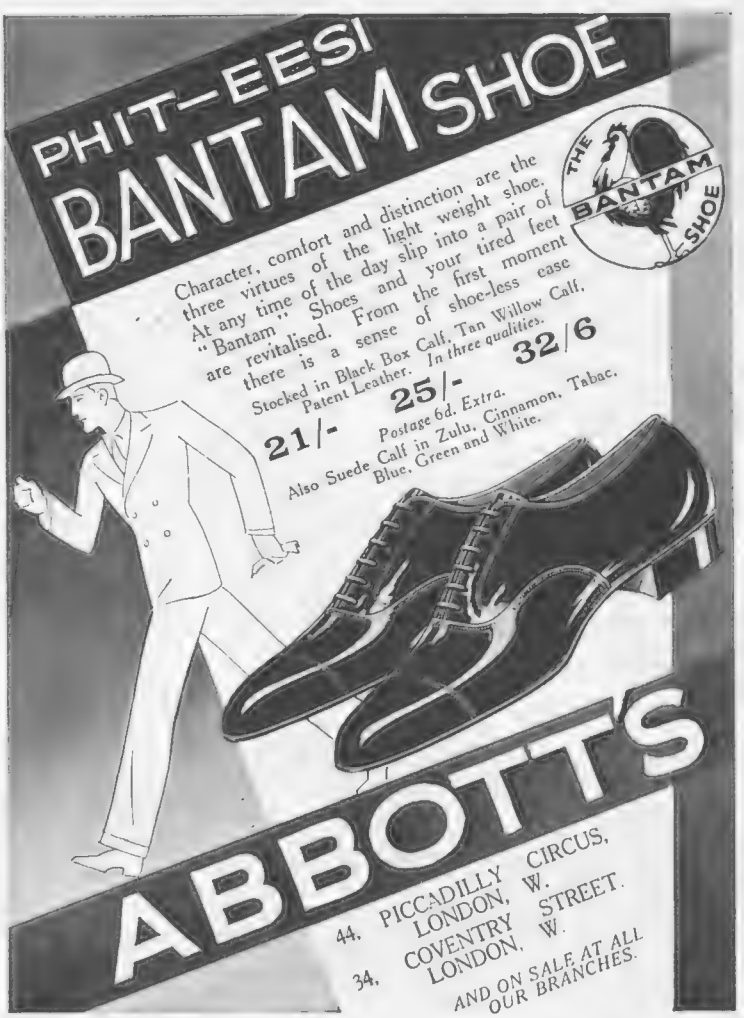

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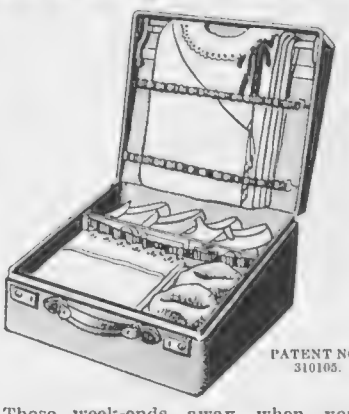

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AN ALLIANCE OF VELVET AND LINEN FOR THE RIVIERA

Here is an ideal hat for the last days of summer. Light weight black velvet, adorned with many rows of machine stitching, is underlined with pink linen, the brim being folded sharply upwards across the front, and the crown encircled with petersham ribbons. It comes from Woollands, of Knightsbridge, and would be suitable for many occasions. In addition to which, it is extraordinarily becoming

Forecasts for the Early Autumn

By Olive Caley Smith

Sunburn holds no terrors for those who use Innoxa Milk and their Sunbronze powder. Their Futura powder is a shade for general use, being invisible on all normal skins

Colour Notes

THERE is an air of informality about the country suits that will be worn as soon as the summer is past. Distinctive and individual, they are governed by no hard and fast rules, short coats and threequarter-length wraps being equally correct. An interesting characteristic is the general use of carefully blended colours in several subdued tones, the more especially as these are frequently introduced in very novel ways. For instance, a very smart model that has just been launched is expressed in greige hopsack, both the coat and skirt widening slightly at the hem. The plainly cut tuck-in jersey shows narrow diagonal stripes in tabac, orange, yellow, and black, the skirt, which is set into a belt, having a cut-out triangle at one side revealing these shades.

Fabrics for Town and Country

TWEEDS appear in almost endless varieties, but they are being challenged by hopsacks, Saxonies, and—a long obscured fabric—serge. Little basqued coats in honeycomb tweed are worn over heavy stockinette dresses intricately strapped at the hips, with bodices laced together down the front. Wool lace, too, is gaining in importance. Mostly the designs are closely woven, and the general effect is of the utmost simplicity. Beautifully embroidered flowers are placed at the base of the neck or over the heart, and gaily coloured wooden beads form girdles which mark the natural waistline. Another type of wool lace frock has a long slender tunic reaching half way to the knees, and a two-tiered godet skirt. For town wear there are fur-trimmed suits in soft woollen fabrics—black adorned with broadtail or ponyskin, brown with red fox or nutria, grey with shaded krimmer or Persian lamb.

Black georgette expresses this lovely frock from Peter Robinson. Petal shaped panels veil the fringe on the graceful skirt, and the cape shawl ties with long scarf ends. A narrow belt defines the natural waistline

Sketches by Margot

New Evening Frocks

AS to evening frocks—the question of the skirt length is arousing the keenest speculation. And it is not one that can be arbitrarily settled, for there are likely to be several distinct types. Sketched in the centre of this page is a graceful and distinctive gown which exploits the ankle-length skirt that is firmly establishing itself. Made of black georgette, the petal-shaped panels of the skirt veil the heavy fringe which falls from just below the hip line. This is a very practical idea, for it preserves the swaying grace of the fringe and at the same time robs it of what is usually its great disadvantage—that of catching on things whenever its wearer moves. The narrow belt is finished with a crystal buckle, and the cape shawl is bordered with fringe and attached to a wide scarf. It comes from Peter Robinson, Oxford Street and Regent Street, where there is a representatve collection of early autumn models in figured panné velvet, broché velvet, and tinsel georgette.

A "Bystander" Beauty Offer

IT is at this time of the year, after a strenuous season, or holidays beside the sea, that one is forced to realise that one's complexion is hardly looking its best. Little lines of fatigue have appeared; the sun has dried the skin and caused tiny wrinkles; one's make-up seems painfully obvious and all wrong. Altogether it is a very depressing state of affairs, and it is, therefore, the best of news that during the month of August a special offer is being made to readers of THE BYSTANDER. By mentioning the name of this paper at Les Salons de Beauté, 38, Old Bond Street, they may obtain an Innoxa Treatment for 12*s.* 6*d.* instead of the usual price of one guinea, and by writing there they may also obtain a very helpful booklet entitled "The Cult of Healthful Beauty." In conclusion, mention must be made of the two new powders which have just been added to the Innoxa range. One is called Sunbronze, and, as its name implies, is for summer use when the skin is browned. And the other, Futura, is so subtly blended that it tones perfectly with every type of normal complexion, and is practically invisible. Both cost only 3*s.* 6*d.* a box, and each of them renders the skin velvety without drying it.

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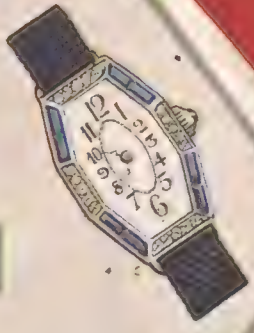

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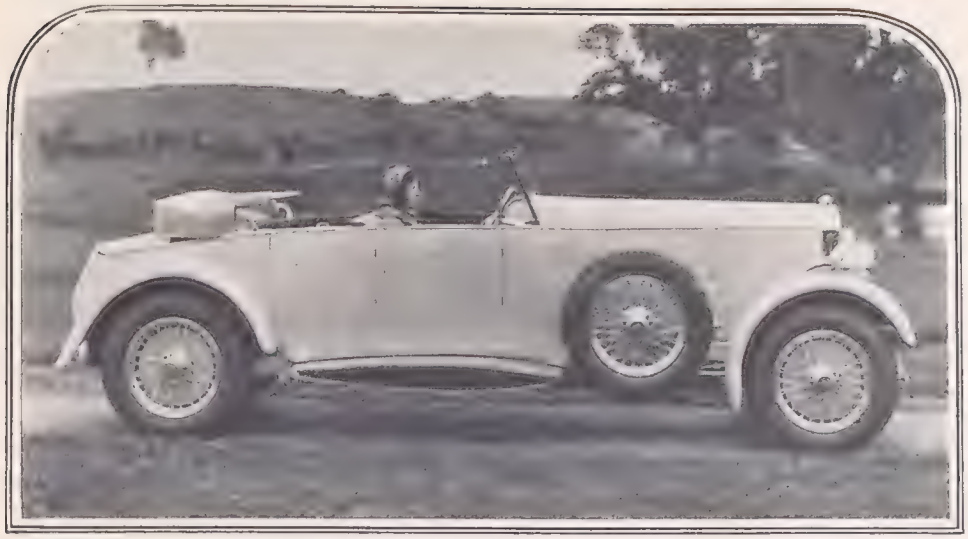
BY NEBEL STANTON

SEA BIRDS

MOTOR NOTES



Miss Nancy Lanchester, daughter of Mr. George Lanchester, the designer of the famous cars, seen at the wheel of a 30 h.p. Straight Eight Sports Tourer of that make. This is Cambridge blue in colour, is upholstered in soft brown hide, and has chromium-plated fittings, altogether having a smart and effective appearance

THE LAY of the LIGHT CAR

By E. M. Wright

PESSIMISTS confronted with the phenomenal success of American cars are apt to regard this country as something of a back number in so far as motor car manufacture is concerned. In the production of light cars, however, we are by no means a C3 nation as they would have us believe, but most emphatically A1. The vogue of the large car is definitely on the wane. Even in those countries where the incidence of taxation imposes no restrictions on size, the demand is steadily growing for something smaller, handier, and cheaper; for, apart from any question of cost, modern traffic conditions are steadily making the large car an encumbrance rather than a convenience. Although our much-reviled system of motor car taxation has had a tremendous influence on the trend of motor car design in this country, our manufacturers, or some of them, were fully alive to the possibilities of the light car years before the horse-power tax was introduced.

***

SO successful have their efforts been that those little vehicles, which were once as much an object of derision as the first Fords, have won respect and admiration all over the world. The British light car of to-day is a marvel of ingenuity. It is not merely a large car in miniature. It is a type of its own, which not only possesses all the essential features of a car twice its size, and costing, incidentally, twice as much to buy and to run, but boasts of merits peculiar to itself.

***

FRANCE has followed our example. Italy, too. And in Germany, despite immensely powerful American competition, the light car is winning hands down. Indeed, it is significant that the one British car to be manufactured on the Continent is the most famous of all our "babies," the Austin Seven, which, under the name of the Dixi and the Rosengart, is now being produced under licence in large quantities in Germany and France respectively. This same British baby is even on the point of invading the American market, where an American company is operating under licence from the Austin people here. Overseas, where the large American car has hitherto held almost undisputed possession of the market, repeated successes of British light cars have shown to a sceptical public that there is nothing these little British productions cannot do.

***

MORE remarkable still is the fact that, whatever their success in other spheres, the Americans so far do not seem to be able to counter this attack. It is not for lack of trying. One firm actually went so far as to buy a couple of Morris-Cowleys and pull them to pieces "to see how they worked." Regretfully they had to admit that they could not produce such a car at the price!

***

WHO, then, it would be interesting to know, "invented" the light car, for whoever did deserves world-wide recognition. Many claims have been put forward, and Continental firms have usually been named. But always on closer investigation it has been found that the models on which these claims are based were cycle cars rather than light cars as we know them. There seems to be no doubt that it was a British firm which produced the first genuine light car. Till it appeared, there were no such things as small cars, although there were what might be called, for want of a better name, "miniature motor-propelled passenger vehicles." These vehicles employed single- or twin-cylinder engines, usually air cooled, and were driven by chain, belt, or friction.

***

THEN came the 10 h.p. Singer, which was introduced as far back as eighteen years ago, and which was the first car to follow large car practice, possessing, as it did, a four-cylinder, water-cooled engine, shaft drive, and a differential gear. Its father and sponsor was Mr. W. E. Bullock, the present managing director of Singer and Company. Under his guidance this concern has gone from strength to strength, and is to-day the third largest producer in this country, excluding concerns of American origin.

***

THOSE who had experience of early models of the great little Triumph "Super Seven" would be surprised at the improvement revealed in the latest models—though there is little obvious difference in the design

ANCIENT AND MODERN

A four-in-hand and an eight-in-line seen together near Box Hill when the car, a De Soto Eight with a load of thirteen people, made an ascent of the famous hill during some recent stunts

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

of the mechanical details so far as can be seen from the outside. I had a last year's model myself. It possessed the heart of a lion, but other attributes also of the King of Beasts—it was undeniably rough and noisy. The Triumph of 1930 in which I had a run the other day is definitely more silent and infinitely smoother than that of last year. This is surely the small power unit par excellence, for, though it will "rev" to amazing speeds on a slight down grade, yet one of its most marked qualities is its top-gear pull at slow speeds. Doubtless the three-bearing crankshaft has something to do with this, for, even at its lowest speeds at top gear, there is no vibration.

* * *

THE other outstanding features of this car are the Lockheed hydraulic four wheel brakes and the remarkable suspension. I am glad that no attempt has been made to sell this great little car on price alone. Everything in the specification is of the best. It is fit to be a tender to the Rolls-Royce, and gives the impression that it is built like a battleship and will last as long. It should be noted that the makers now fit sliding roofs to all saloons at prices approximately £5 above those of the normal fixed roof models. The design chosen is a particularly attractive job; it can be locked in any position, and is very much less obtrusive than most forms of opening top.

EVERY experienced motorist who takes an interest in his car will be familiar with the Leveroll seat-adjusting mechanism made by the old-established concern of A. W. Chapman and Co., Ranelagh Gardens, Hurlingham, S.W.6. The basic idea is a sliding rail with a stop mounted on it which can be adjusted to any position. The seat carries on it a spring catch which engages with this stop. By releasing the catch, one can slide the seat back with no more effort than opening a door, and on being drawn forward again the seat will come to rest automatically in its predetermined position. The only objection to the former type of stop was that it made a rather ugly projection in front of the seat. In the latest form the Leveroll is provided with a much neater form of stop—a loose pin dropped in any desired position in a long serrated rack. Nothing projects except the thumb piece of the spring catch by which you release the seat. And the pin itself is, if anything, more easily moved from one position to another than was the former type of stop.

This should interest drivers of cars where there is an awkward seat adjustment or none at all. A good example is the standard Austin Seven passenger seat, which is fixed and does not allow any too much leg room. I have had mine converted to the Leveroll, and it has made an astonishing difference to the general comfort of the car. The Leveroll people have given me an enormous range of adjustment, something like 9 inches, yet the seat still tilts to allow access to the rear compartment.

The only objection is that the seat stands an inch higher than before, but as the standard bodywork of the Austin has more head room than is necessary, this hardly matters. The prices of these seat fittings are: Austin Seven, 40s.; Morris Minor, 21s.; Singer Junior, 21s. per seat, plus a charge of 5s. 6d. for fitting. E. M. W.

MR. JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

Producer of the "talkie," "The King of Jazz," with his father, the Hon. John Anderson, on the top of Signal Hill, where Marconi received the first wireless message across the Atlantic. They are standing by a 27 h.p. Willys Knight saloon

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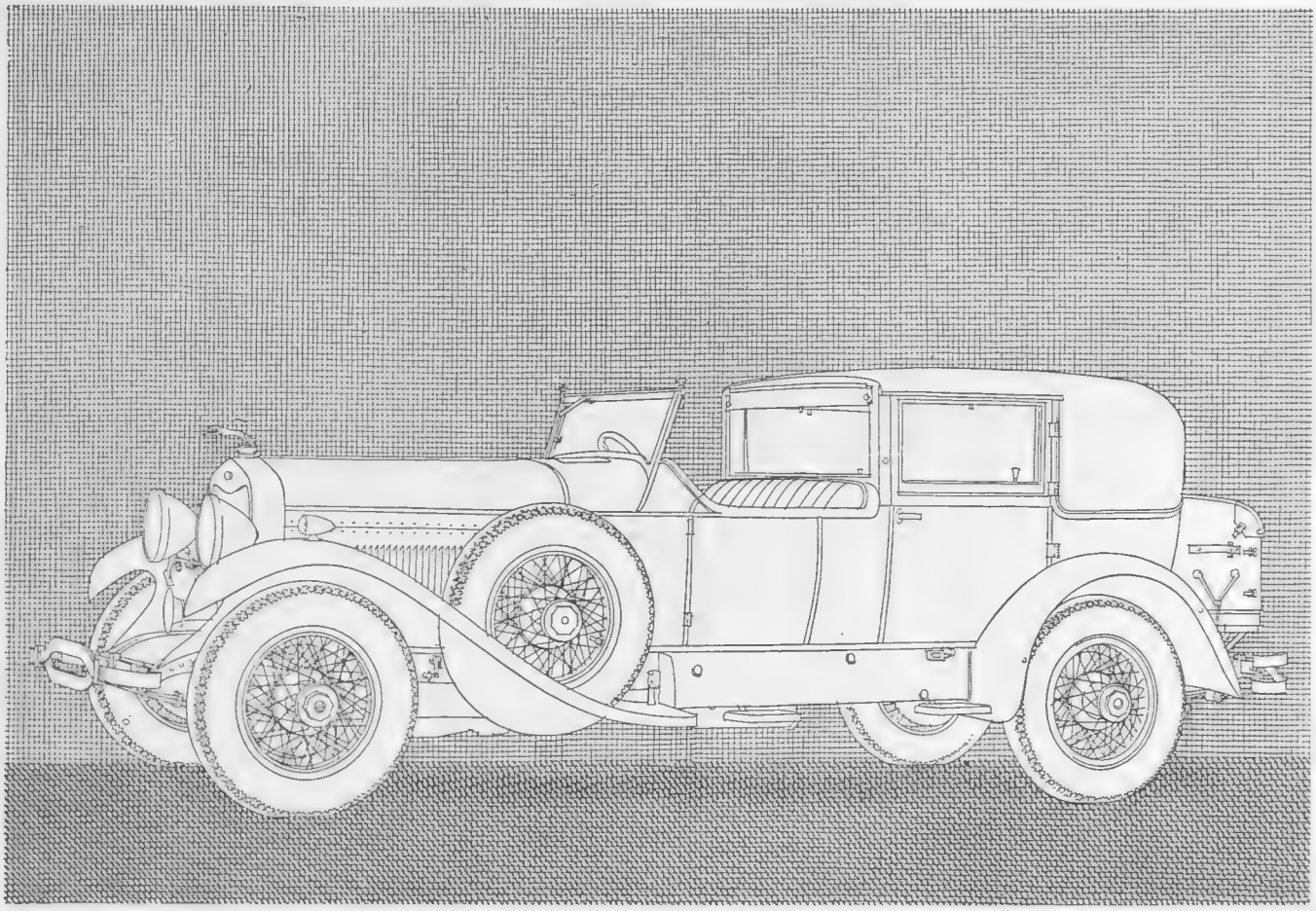

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THE *LINCOLN*

THE EDITOR'S BOX

For Smokers

Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills have recently introduced an entirely new and improved "Wallet" for their "Three Castle" Medium Cigarettes in tens and twenties. In this ingenious form of packing the cigarettes are well protected, and each cigarette can be easily withdrawn without disturbing the others, an advantage which will be much appreciated. Smokers should ask for the improved "Wallet" without delay.

Voices as Souvenirs

To their list of history-while-it-happens gramophone records, "His Master's Voice" has just added several of the principal speeches delivered at the Imperial Press Conference in London. This achievement, the first of its kind, was rendered possible by placing the "His Master's Voice" electrical recording van close to Grosvenor House in Park Lane, and the addresses were engraved on wax discs through the medium of microphones in the Conference hall. The sole object was to present to each delegate a permanent souvenir of the great occasion, and the records, which are not for sale, are being sent to the home of every member of the Conference. Mr. Rex Palmer acted as introducer, and the speakers recorded are Lord Riddell, London; the Hon. Frank Carrel, Quebec; Sir Augustus Bartolo, Malta; Mr. R. T. Barrett, Hong Kong; Mr. C. Brunsdon Fletcher, Sydney; Mr. J. H. Woods, Calgary; Mr. T. W. Mackenzie, O.B.E., South Africa; Mr. E. E. Edwards, Brisbane; and the chairman, Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, M.P.

RECORDS OF A CONFERENCE

"His Master's Voice" electrical recording van seen outside Grosvenor House, Park Lane. It recorded the speeches made at the Imperial Press Conference, and each delegate is being presented with a record as a souvenir of the event

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Have you bought your ticket yet in the automatic machine? Already many of the new Hospital Automatic Ballot machines are making their appearance in London and the Home Counties. Their purpose is to sell 1s. entry forms for a new prize competition in aid of the funds of the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew, which has been launched under the auspices of England's leading sportsmen. Prizes of £2,000 are offered for each of a continuous series of competitions. Machines are to be found in theatres, restaurants, hotels, railway stations, stores, shops, etc., and entry forms can also be obtained direct on application from the Hospitals' Automatic Ballot Association, Ltd., No. 1, Great Scotland Yard, London, S.W.1. Postal Order for 1s. should be endorsed.

Secondary Schools Camp

It is interesting to note that the annual camp of the Public Secondary Schools' Cadet Association will take place, by invitation of the Mayor and Corporation of Marlborough, on Marlborough Common, Wilts, from Saturday, July 26, to August 9. Two thousand officers and cadets are expected, and those who participate are assured, as in former years, of a delightful fortnight. The president, Lord Allenby, will pay the camp a visit on July 29, and there is no doubt that, with the help of the usual efficient organisation, everything will turn out to be most successful. Those who wish for particulars should write to the camp secretary, Capt. A. Pensom, St. Margaret's, Hewlett Road, Cheltenham.

Romance of "Old Colony" Salmon

Several hundred years ago when Cabot and his fellow adventurers discovered Newfoundland they reported that the rivers and seas abounded with magnificent salmon, but that no means could be found of transporting it in an edible and marketable condition. A few years ago Harveys, of St. John's, successfully experimented in freezing salmon in cold salt water. Realising the tremendous possibilities of their discovery, they built a low-temperature brine-freezing plant at St. John's, where thousands of salmon fresh from the nets can be frozen daily. The Furness Withy Company facilitated the development of the new industry by equipping their latest liners with modern refrigerating holds for the rapid shipment of the salmon to Europe, and now "Old Colony" salmon can be had all over the country.

THE GOURMET: By Emilia

Luncheon

Hors d'Œuvres.
(Vienna Potato Salad).
Filets de Truites:
Sauce Mousseline.
Riz de Veau à la Suprême.
Compôte de Cantaloupe.
Cider Cup.
Café.

Hors d'Œuvres: Vienna Potato Salad

Slice boiled potatoes thin; chop some onion very fine; slice two hard-boiled eggs, and mix. Sprinkle all with salt and pepper. Then heat some vinegar. Add a teaspoonful of made mustard and stir with the beaten yolk of an egg. Mix all together with a tablespoonful of hot butter and chopped parsley.

Filets de Truites: Sauce Mousseline

Have a good-sized trout filleted and simmer it in some brown gravy, a glass of claret, some herbs, and lemon juice, serve it with mousseline sauce and garnish with olives. Mousseline sauce is really a mayonnaise sauce with some whipped aspic and about two tablespoonfuls of cream. This sauce is served cold.

Riz de Veau à la Suprême

Take two sweetbreads, put them into salt and water and bring them to the boil, and put them between two plates to flatten them; trim them and cook in half a pint of good stock with some carrot and turnip cut small. Bring them to the boil, then simmer for twenty minutes; when done, drain and dish them up and serve with the following sauce: Take 1½ oz. of butter, one of flour and cook well together; when cooked, stir in a gill of good white stock, add half a grain of mace, four drops of lemon juice, and a good gill of cream; boil all well together, then add some white button mushrooms, already cooked in white sauce, and let all boil together for five to ten minutes.

Compôte de Cantaloupe

Choose a ripe melon, open it and remove the seeds, cut in inch ribs, and with a silver knife carefully remove the firm pulp. Make a syrup with 1 lb. of sugar, a cupful of water, and half a teaspoonful of arrowroot. Simmer until clear, lay in the melon strips, a few at a time, and simmer for five minutes. Transfer them to a compôte dish, arranging the strips so that they overlap one another, forming a crown. Boil down the syrup until very thick, take from the fire, add half a cupful of white wine, pour over the melon in the dish, and serve ice-cold.

Chevalier T. Louis and his wife, formerly Miss Nellie Hutchinson, who were recently married at Bournemouth. M. Louis has been general manager of the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, with which Miss Hutchinson was also associated, for twenty-six years, and is one of the most popular hotel managers outside London. M. Sovrani, of Sovrani's restaurant, in Jermyn Street, was best man at the wedding

Cider Cup

Rub the peel of a lemon on a few lumps of sugar, put them in a glass jug with a slice of cucumber, a bottle of sparking cider, a liqueur glass of curaçoa, and a bottle of soda water. Ice and send to table.

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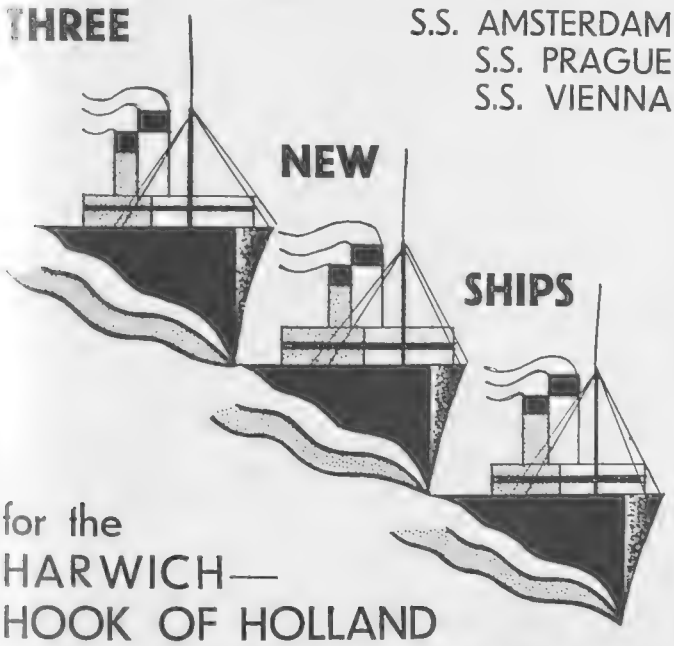

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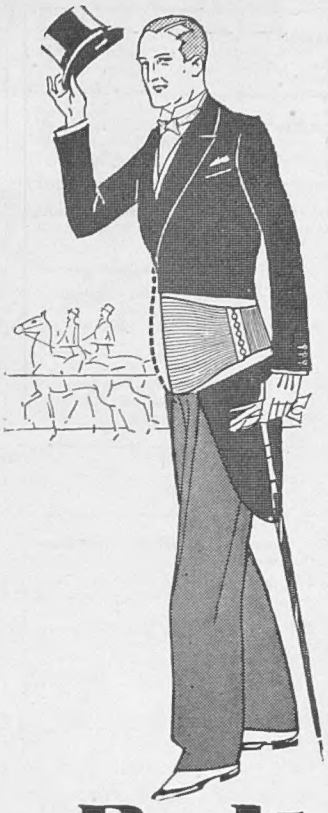

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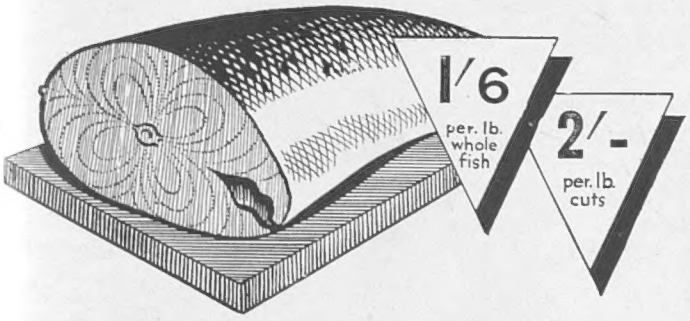

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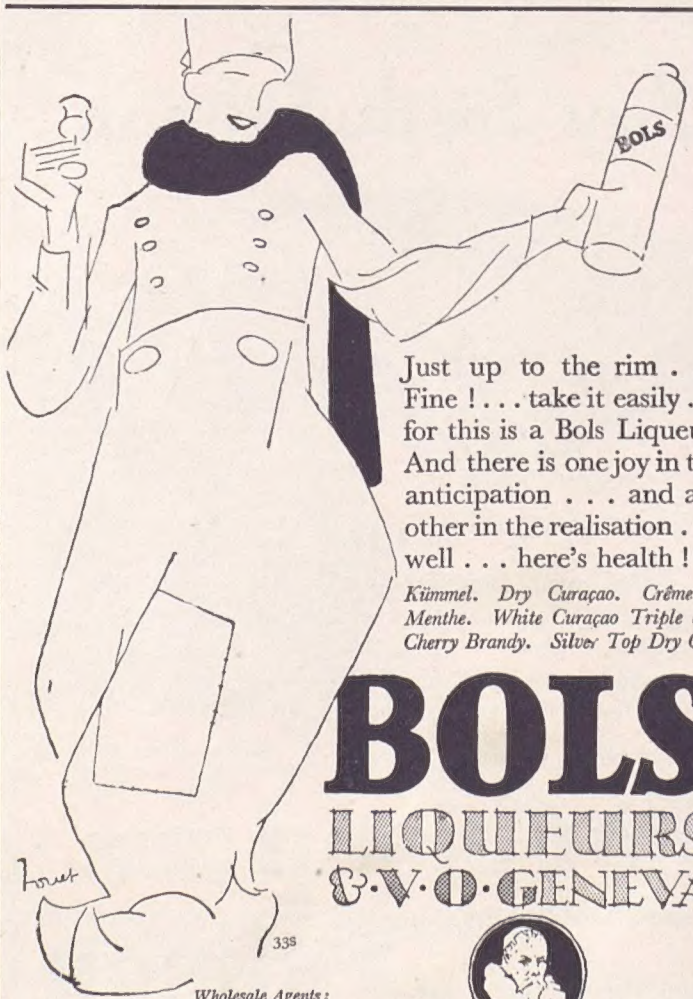

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